



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

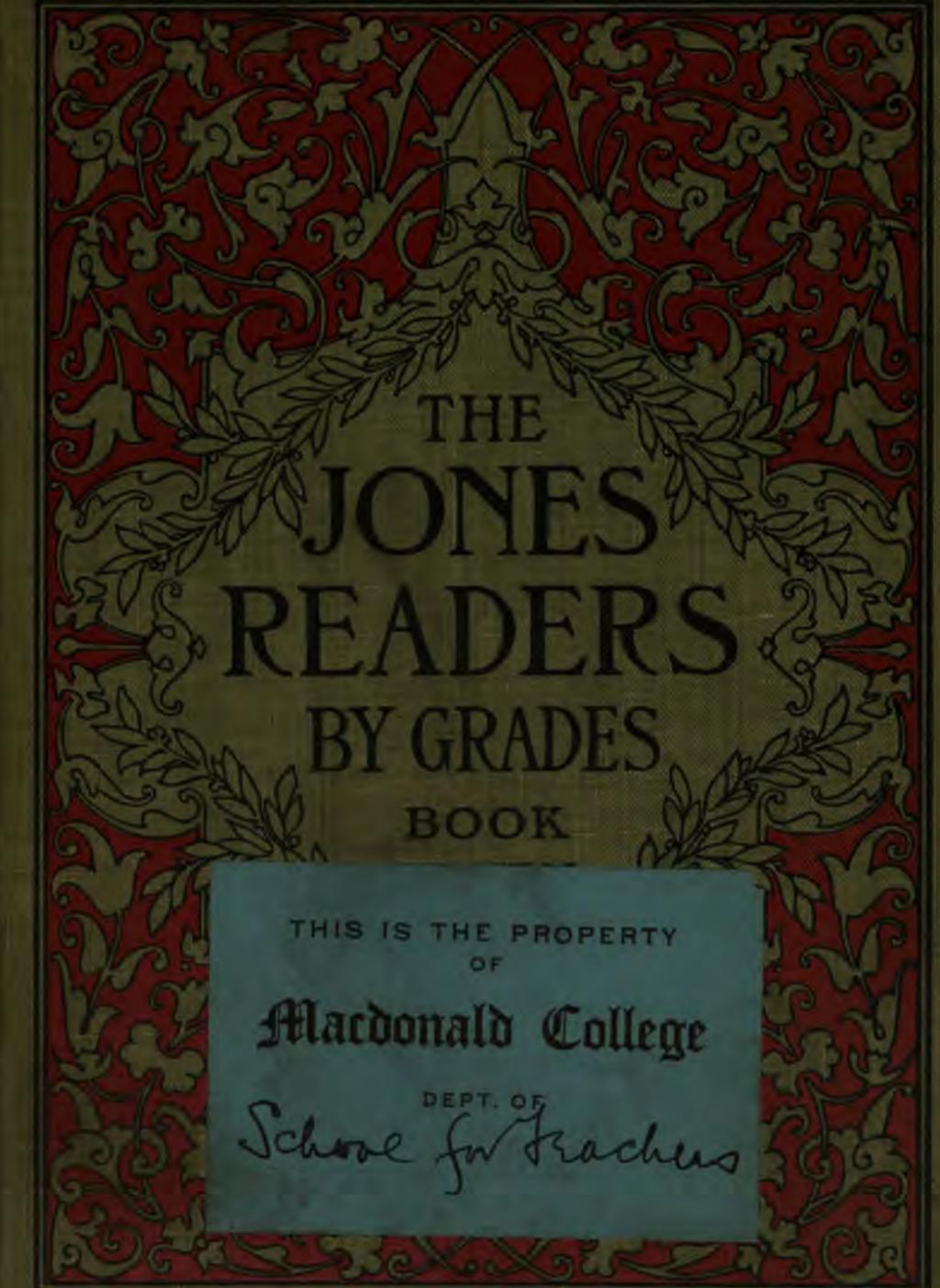
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



THE
JONES
READERS
BY GRADES
BOOK

THIS IS THE PROPERTY
OF

Macdonald College

DEPT. OF
School for Teachers

Eduet 759.03.465
(7)



Harvard College Library

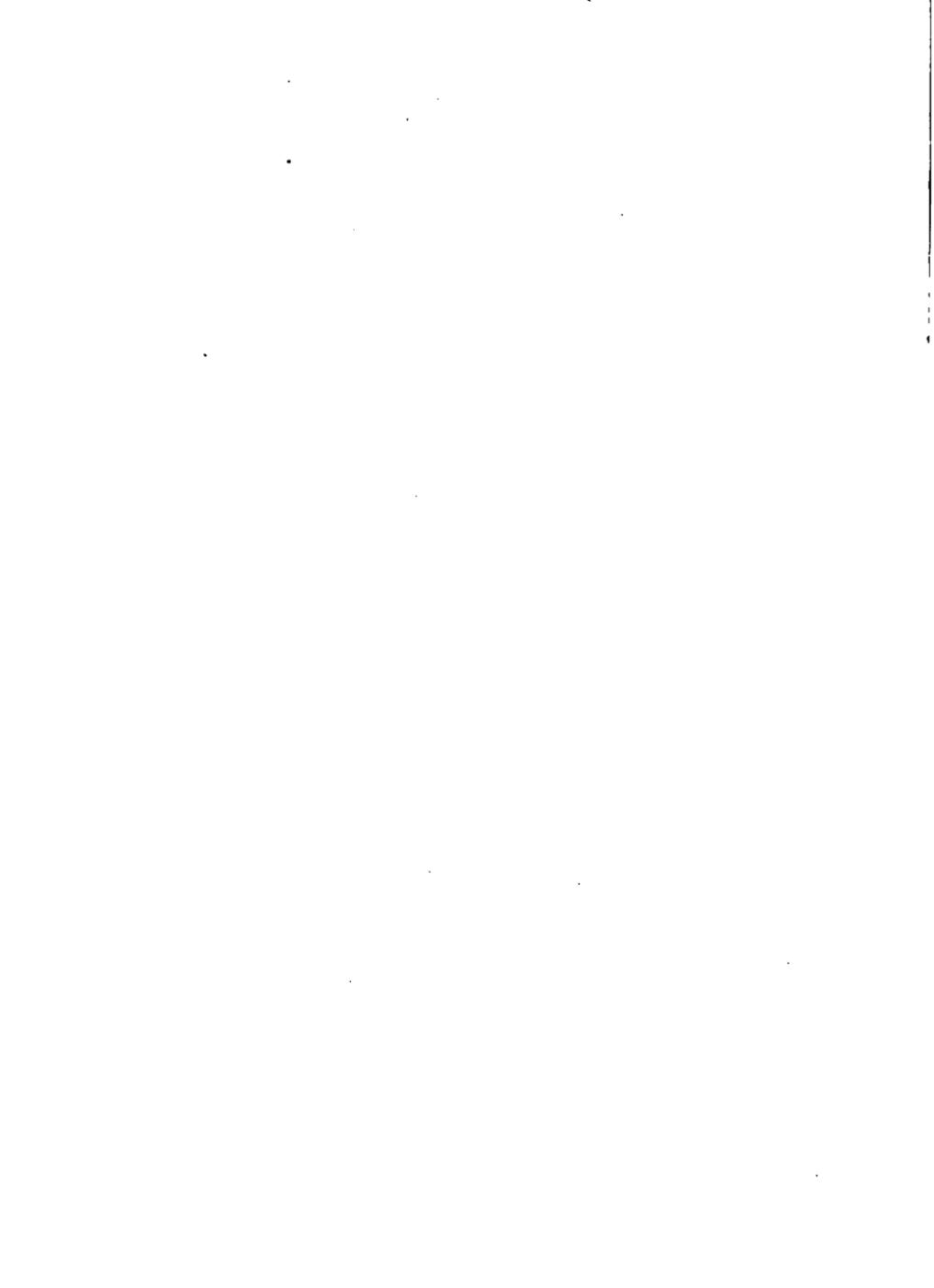
FROM

Macdonald College

Jackie



3 2044 097 057 178



THE
JONES READERS BY GRADES

BOOK SEVEN

BY

L. H. JONES, A.M.

PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE NORMAL COLLEGE, FORMERLY
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS IN INDIANAPOLIS,
INDIANA, AND CLEVELAND, OHIO

GINN & COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LONDON

W. A. L. 757. 26, 465-
(1)



Harvard University Library

COPYRIGHT, 1903, 1904
BY GINN & COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

54.6

The Atheneum Press
GINN & COMPANY · CAM-
BRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS

P R E F A C E

A READER for the seventh grade should have a somewhat universal character. The selections should therefore be made from general literature. A wide range of themes should be used to give scope to the imagination and breadth to the intelligence.

All sections of our common country are represented in the authors from whom selections in this reader have been made,—nor has the literature of other nations been omitted. Much fresh material has been taken from recent literature; but many of the older selections are used because of their permanent value in character development. At the period of life represented by pupils who will use this reader, the ideals of life and conduct are shaping themselves rapidly in the minds of the growing girls and boys. Susceptible as they are at this age, they respond most readily to the call of higher motives. Noble, unselfish, or heroic action, when properly presented to them, seems native to the human spirit.

To arouse and sustain noble ambitions, to make the right in human action seem reasonable and desirable, to

give that general intelligence which underlies helpful coöperation, to permeate this growing intelligence with pure and deep love for our country and its institutions, are among the dominant purposes of this book.

The selections from Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Lew Wallace, John Fiske, Charles Dudley Warner, John Burroughs, and John Greenleaf Whittier are used by the kind permission of and by special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the writings of these authors.

We are permitted also by the kindness of the publishing houses named below to use the following selections: "Clouds," by Wilson Flagg (Educational Publishing Company); "Hark to the Shouting Wind," and "Carolina," by Henry Timrod (B. F. Johnson Publishing Company); "Feeding the Birds," by Henry Harland (John Lane); "The Education of the People," by Wendell Phillips (Lee & Shepard); "The Joy of the Hills," by Edwin Markham (McClure, Phillips & Co.); "A Cellar in Siberia," by George Kennan, and "The Taj Mahal," by Bayard Taylor (G. P. Putnam's Sons); and "The Moral Rights of Animals," by William Cunningham Gray (Fleming H. Revell Company).

CONTENTS

		PAGE
THE ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY	Walter Scott	13
HUMANITY	Plutarch	18
EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE	Thomas B. Macaulay	19
CHARLEY	Charles Dickens	20
THE MYSTERY OF LIFE	John Ruskin	25
THE PRISONER OF CHILLON	Lord Byron	29
THE CAPTIVE		34
BENEATH AN UMBRELLA	Nathaniel Hawthorne	36
THE SHIP-BUILDERS	John G. Whittier	40
ONE TOUCH OF NATURE	William J. Long	44
A SEINE MAKER	Anna B. Comstock	48
THE HUMBLEBEE	Ralph Waldo Emerson	52
THE NEW ENGLAND WEATHER	Mark Twain	55
READINGS FROM THE PSALMS		58
AN OLD-FASHIONED SNOWSTORM	Charles Dudley Warner	63
THE MOCKING BIRD	Sidney Lanier	67
ABOU BEN ADHEM	Leigh Hunt	68
THE CONTENTED MAN	Charles Dudley Warner	69
SWORD AND SCIMITER	Walter Scott	73
A CELLAR IN SIBERIA	George Kennan	77
THE RICHES OF THE COMMONWEALTH	John G. Whittier	80
MARCO BOZZARIS	Fitz-Greene Halleck	81
THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD	Henry W. Longfellow	85
THE YOUNG SAILOR	Richard Henry Dana, Jr.	88
THE VOICE OF THE SEA	Thomas Nelson Page	92
HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND	Henry Timrod	94
THE SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND	John Fiske	95
FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU	Walter Scott	98
WALKING IN THE OPEN AIR	John Burroughs	113

	PAGE
THE BURIAL OF GRANT	<i>Richard Watson Gilder</i> 118
WATERLOO	<i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i> 120
THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO	<i>Lord Byron</i> 122
THE MORAL RIGHTS OF ANIMALS	<i>William Cunningham Gray</i> 127
IN THE FOREST (from "As You Like It")	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 131
THE FIRST FOURTH-OF-JULY CELEBRATION	<i>John Bach McMaster</i> 135
CAROLINA	<i>Henry Timrod</i> 139
CLOUDS	<i>Wilson Flagg</i> 140
CASSIUS TO BRUTUS (from "Julius Cæsar")	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 144
THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE	<i>Wendell Phillips</i> 148
THE DOUGLAS	<i>Walter Scott</i> 151
WHAT A GOOD HISTORY OUGHT TO BE	<i>Thomas Carlyle</i> 155
SURRENDER OF GRANADA	<i>Bulwer Lytton</i> 161
WEALTH	<i>John Ruskin</i> 168
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 169
THE RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS AT BARCELONA	<i>Washington Irving</i> 172
THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII	<i>Bulwer Lytton</i> 176
THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS	<i>Thomas B. Macaulay</i> 183
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER	<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i> 187
HILDA'S DOVES	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> 191
A TRIBUTE TO THE DOG	195
PORTIA'S SPEECH (from "The Merchant of Venice")	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 197
GENIUS AND INDUSTRY	<i>Henry Ward Beecher</i> 198
ON THE MUGGLETON COACH	<i>Charles Dickens</i> 201
THE PRESSURE OF GENTLENESS	<i>D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson</i> 206
SONNET—ON HIS BLINDNESS	<i>John Milton</i> 210
THE JUDGMENT OF VAN TWILLER	<i>Washington Irving</i> 211
SONG FROM COMUS	<i>John Milton</i> 217
JOHN MILTON	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 218
THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT	<i>William J. Long</i> 219
AFTER DEATH	<i>Edwin Arnold</i> 221
CHARACTER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 224
DOUGLAS AND MARMION	<i>Walter Scott</i> 228
FERDINAND AND ISABELLA ENTER GRANADA	<i>W. H. Prescott</i> 232
THE MARSHES OF GLYNN	<i>Sidney Lanier</i> 236

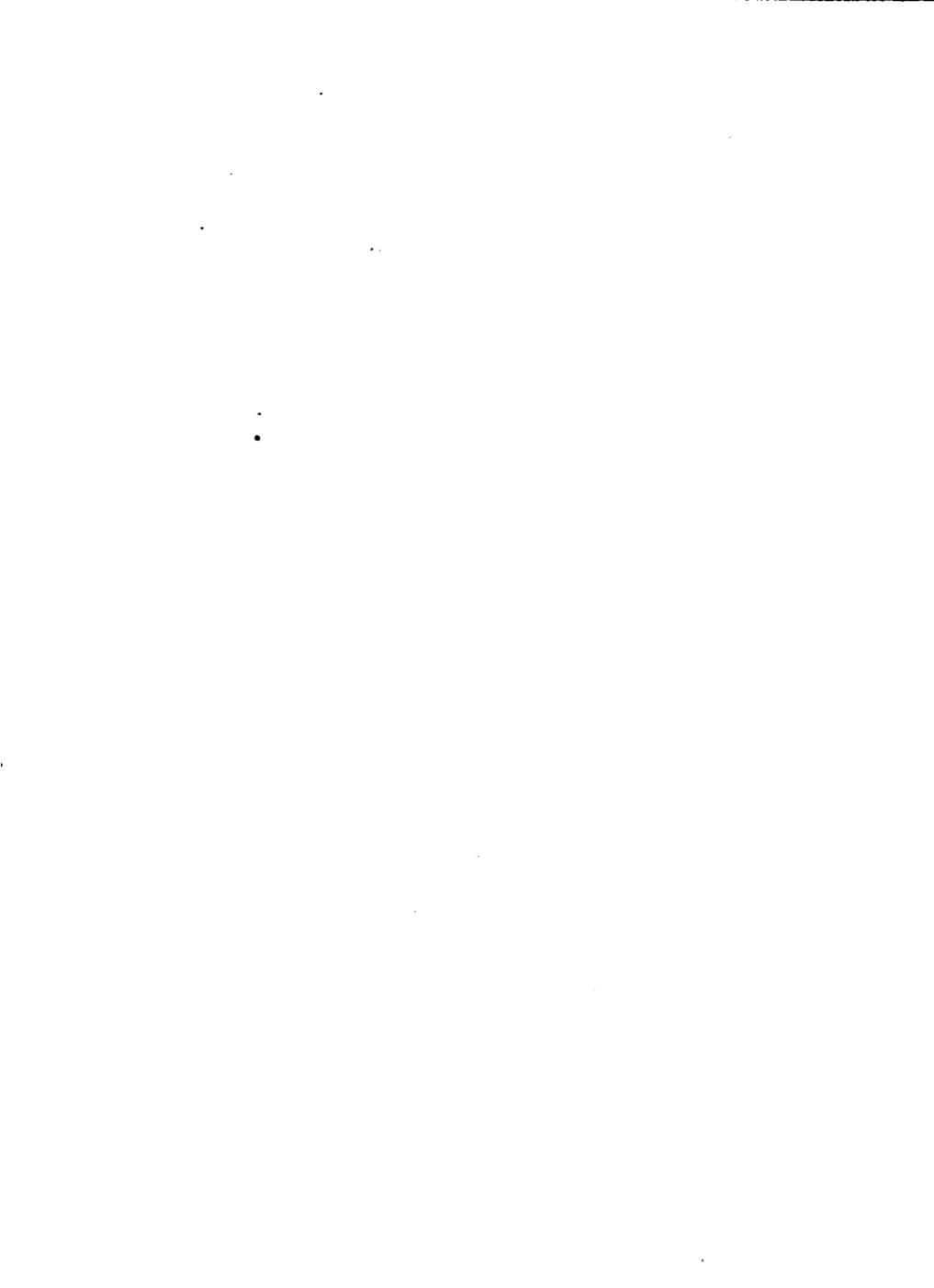
	PAGE
THE CARRONADE	<i>Victor Hugo</i> 241
EARLY CONQUESTS	<i>John Fiske</i> 247
A DAKOTA WHEAT FIELD	<i>Hamlin Garland</i> 251
MR. PICKWICK'S SLIDE	<i>Charles Dickens</i> 253
ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER CÆSAR'S BODY	<i>J. A. Froude</i> 258
ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR (from "Julius Cæsar")	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 261
THE JOY OF THE HILLS	<i>Edwin Markham</i> 269
THE MELANCHOLY NIGHT	<i>Lew Wallace</i> 270
FEEDING THE BIRDS	<i>Henry Harland</i> 275
THE TAJ MAHAL	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> 281
A COUNTRY SUNDAY	<i>Joseph Addison</i> 285
GOD'S PRESENCE IN NATURE	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 288



ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AUTHORS

	PAGE
ADDISON, JOSEPH	285
ARNOLD, EDWIN	221
BEECHER, HENRY WARD	198
BIBLE	58
BURROUGHS, JOHN	113
BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD	29, 122
CARLYLE, THOMAS	155
CLEMENS, S. L. (see Twain)	55
COMSTOCK, ANNA BOTSFORD	48
DANA, JR., RICHARD HENRY	88
DICKENS, CHARLES	20, 201, 253
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO	52, 224
FISKE, JOHN	95, 247
FLAGG, WILSON	140
FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY	258
GARLAND, HAMLIN	251
GILDER, RICHARD WATSON	118
GRAY, WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM	127
HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE	81
HARLAND, HENRY	275
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL	36, 191
HUGO, VICTOR	241
HUNT, LEIGH	68
IRVING, WASHINGTON	172, 211
KENNAN, GEORGE	77
LANIER, SIDNEY	67, 236
LYTTON, BULWER	161, 176
LONG, WILLIAM J.	44, 219
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH	85
MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON	19, 183
McMASTER, JOHN BACH	135
MARKHAM, EDWIN	269

	PAGE
MILTON, JOHN	210, 217
MOORE, THOMAS	288
PAGE, THOMAS NELSON	92
PHILLIPS, WENDELL	148
PLUTARCH	18
POE, EDGAR ALLAN	187
PRESSCOTT, WILLIAM HICKLING	232
RUSKIN, JOHN	25, 168
SCOTT, SIR WALTER	13, 73, 98, 151, 228
SELECTED	34, 195
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	131, 144, 197, 261
TAYLOR, BAYARD	281
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD	169
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE	120
THOMPSON, D'ARCY WENTWORTH	206
TIMROD, HENRY	94, 139
TWAIN, MARK (see Clemens)	55
WALLACE, LEW	270
WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY	68, 69
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF	40, 80
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	218





JONES READERS BY GRADES

BOOK SEVEN

THE ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY

WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. He has often been called "The Great Enchanter," so wonderful was his power of description. Scott wrote many novels, which are known as the Waverley Novels, from the name of the first one of the series.

NOTE.—The life of Mary Queen of Scots was full of misfortune and 5 turmoil. After an unhappy reign the beautiful queen was forced to sign an abdication in favor of her infant son, and in 1567 was carried a prisoner to Lochleven Castle, a lonely residence in the middle of Loch Leven. Before a year had passed Mary found a rescuer in her keeper's brother and escaped from the castle.

Scott's novel, "The Abbot," from which this selection is taken, is founded on history and tradition. A still younger brother of the keeper, called the Little Douglas, is represented in the romance by Roland Graeme.

At the dead hour of midnight, when all was silent in the castle, the page put the key into the lock of the 15 wicket which opened into the garden, and which was at the bottom of a staircase which descended from the Queen's apartment. "Now, turn smooth and softly, thou

good bolt," said he, "if ever oil softened rust!" and his precautions had been so effectual that the bolt revolved with little or no sound of resistance. He ventured not to cross the threshold, but asked if the boat were ready.

5 "This half hour," said the sentinel. "She lies beneath the wall, too close under the islet to be seen by the warder, but I fear she will hardly escape his notice in putting off."

"The darkness," said the page, "and our profound silence may take her off unobserved, as she came in. 10 Hildebrand has the watch on the tower—a heavy-headed knave! He sleeps for a wager."

"Then bring the Queen," said the Abbot, "and I will call Henry Seyton to assist them to the boat."

On tiptoe, with noiseless step and suppressed breath, 15 trembling at every rustle of their own apparel, one after another the fair prisoners glided down the winding stair. Henry Seyton seemed instantly to take upon himself the whole direction of the enterprise. "My Lord Abbot," he said, "give my sister your arm—I will conduct the 20 Queen—and that youth will have the honor to guide Lady Fleming."

This was no time to dispute the arrangement, although it was not that which Roland Graeme would have chosen. Catherine Seyton, who well knew the garden path, tripped 25 on before like a sylph, rather leading the Abbot than receiving assistance; the Queen, her native spirit prevailing over female fear and a thousand painful reflections,

moved steadily forward, by the assistance of Henry Seyton ; while the Lady Fleming encumbered with her fears and her helplessness Roland Graeme, who followed in the rear, and who bore under the other arm a packet of necessaries belonging to the Queen. The door of the 5 garden, which communicated with the shore of the islet, yielded to one of the keys of which Roland had possessed himself, although not until he had tried several,—a moment of anxious terror and expectation. The ladies were then partly led, partly carried, to the side of the 10 lake, where a boat with six rowers attended them, the men couched along the bottom to secure them from observation. Henry Seyton placed the Queen in the stern ; the Abbot offered to assist Catherine, but she was seated by the Queen's side before he could utter his 15 proffer of help ; and Roland Graeme was just lifting Lady Fleming over the boat side, when a thought suddenly occurred to him, and exclaiming, “Forgotten, forgotten ! wait for me but one half minute,” he replaced on the shore the helpless Lady of the Bedchamber, threw the 20 Queen's packet into the boat, and sped back through the garden with the noiseless speed of a bird on the wing.

“He is false at last !” said Seyton ; “I ever feared it.”

“He is as true,” said Catherine, “as Heaven itself, and that I will maintain.”

“Be silent,” said her brother, “for shame, if not for fear. Fellows, put off, and row for your lives !”

“Help me! help me on board!” said the deserted Lady Fleming, and that louder than prudence warranted.

“Put off—put off!” cried Henry Seyton. “Leave all behind, so the Queen is safe.”

5 “Will you permit this, madam?” said Catherine, imploringly; “you leave your deliverer to death.”

“I will not,” said the Queen. “Seyton, I command you to stay at every risk.”

“Pardon me, madam, if I disobey,” said the intractable 10 young man; and with one hand lifting in Lady Fleming, he began himself to push off the boat.

She was two fathoms’ length from the shore, and the rowers were getting her head round, when Roland Graeme, arriving, bounded from the beach and attained the boat.

15 “Why did ye not muffle the oars?” said Roland; “the dash must awaken the sentinel. Row, lads, and get out of reach of shot; for had not old Hildebrand, the warder, supped upon poppy porridge, this whispering must have waked him.”

20 “It was all thine own delay,” said Seyton; “thou shalt reckon with me hereafter for that and other matters.”

But Roland’s apprehension was verified too instantly to permit him to reply. The sentinel, whose slumbering had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash 25 of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard. “A boat—a boat! Bring to, or I shoot!” And as they continued to ply their oars, he called aloud, “Treason!

treason!" rung the bell of the castle, and discharged his arquebus at the boat. The ladies crowded on each other like startled wild fowl at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whiz along the 5 surface of the lake, at no great distance from their little bark; and from the lights, which glanced like meteors from window to window, it was evident the whole castle was alarmed and their escape discovered.

"Pull!" again exclaimed Seyton; "stretch to your 10 oars, or I will spur you to the task with my dagger—they will launch a boat immediately."

"That is cared for," said Roland; "I locked gate and wicket on them when I went back, and no boat will stir from the island this night, if doors of good oak and bolts 15 of iron can keep men within stone walls. And now I resign my office of porter of Lochleven, and give the keys to the Kelpie's keeping."

As the heavy keys plunged in the lake, the Abbot, who till then had been repeating his prayers, exclaimed, 20 "Now, bless thee, my son! for thy ready prudence puts shame on us all."

Abridged.

Loch Leven: a small sheet of water near the east coast of Scotland, often confounded with another Loch Leven.—**wicket**: a small gate.—**Henry Seyton**: this young man and his sister Catherine were in attendance upon the queen.—**sylph**: a fairy.—**two fathoms**: twelve feet.—**poppy porridge**: a sleeping potion. Poppies contain opium.—**arquebus**: an old-fashioned gun.—**Kelpie**: in Scottish tradition the kelpie was a creature like a horse, who lived under water and who warned those who were destined to be drowned.

HUMANITY

PLUTARCH

PLUTARCH, a Greek biographer, was born about A.D. 50. His truthful character drawing and his picturesque style commend his writings to all ages.

Goodness moves in a larger sphere than justice. The obligations of law and equity reach only to mankind, but 5 kindness and beneficence should be extended to creatures of every species. A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are young, but when old and past service. We certainly ought not to treat living creatures like shoes or household goods, which, when worn 10 out with use, we throw away; and were it only to learn benevolence to human kind, we should be merciful to other creatures. For my part, I would not sell even an old ox that had labored for me; much less would I remove, for the sake of a little money, a man grown old in my service 15 from his usual lodgings and diet; for to him, poor man, it would be as bad as banishment, since he could be of no more use to the buyer than he was to the seller. But Cato, as if he took a pride in these things, tells us that when consul he left his war horse in Spain to save the public 20 the charge of his conveyance. Whether such things as these are instances of greatness or littleness of soul, let the reader judge for himself.

Cato: an eminent Roman statesman who was born 234 B.C.

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE

THOMAS B. MACAULAY

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859) was an English author who was famous as historian, poet, essayist, and statesman.

NOTE.—The despotic acts of James II of England had cost him his throne. His son James, an exile from his country, set up a miniature court in Italy. Here many of his loyal followers, in the midst of unfamiliar surroundings, passed dreary and unprofitable years. 5

To my true king I offered free from stain
 Courage and faith; vain faith and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honors, wealth, away
 And one dear hope that was more prized than they. 10
 For him I languished in a foreign clime,
 Gray-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep;
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave 15
 The resting place I asked, an early grave.
 O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,
 By those white cliffs I nevermore must see,
 By that dear language which I spake like thee, 20
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

Jac'obite: a follower of James and his family.—white cliffs: the limestone cliffs of England.

CHARLEY

CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870) was one of the great English novelists. Dickens had an unhappy childhood, and was always quick to feel any injustice toward the weak and helpless. Some of his novels drew attention to the wrongs of the poor. Dickens's pictures of life are striking, but they 5 are often overdrawn. Among his novels, "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "David Copperfield" are greatly liked by young people.

NOTE.—This selection is taken from "Bleak House." Esther Summerson and her guardian are the older people mentioned. They have come on a charitable errand to a narrow alley in the heart of London.

10 In a poor room, with a sloping ceiling, and containing very little furniture, was a mite of a boy, some five or six years old, nursing and hushing a heavy child of eighteen months. There was no fire, though the weather was cold; both children were wrapped in some poor shawls 15 and tippets as a substitute. Their clothing was not so warm, however, but that their noses looked red and pinched, and their small figures shrunken, as the boy walked up and down, nursing and hushing the child with its head upon his shoulder.

20 "Who has locked you up here alone?" we naturally asked.

"Charley," said the boy, standing still to gaze at us.

"Is Charley your brother?"

"No. She's my sister Charlotte. Father called her 25 Charley."

“Are there any more of you besides Charley?”

“Me,” said the boy, “and Emma,” patting the limp bonnet of the child he was nursing, “and Charley.”

“Where is Charley now?”

“Out a-washing,” said the boy, beginning to walk up and down again, and taking the nankeen bonnet much



too near the bedstead by trying to gaze at us at the same time.

We were looking at each other, and at these two children, when there came into the room a very little girl, 10 childish in figure but shrewd and older looking in the face,—pretty faced too,—wearing a womanly sort of bonnet much too large for her, and drying her bare arms on a womanly sort of apron. Her fingers were white and

wrinkled with washing, and the soapsuds were yet smoking which she wiped off her arms. But for this she might have been a child playing at washing and imitating a working-woman with a quick observation of the truth.

5 She had been running from some place in the neighborhood, and had made all the haste she could. Consequently, though she was very light, she was out of breath and could not speak at first, as she stood panting and wiping her arms and looking quietly at us.

10 "Oh, here's Charley!" said the boy.

The child he was nursing stretched forth its arms and cried out to be taken by Charley. The little girl took it in a womanly sort of manner belonging to the apron and the bonnet, and stood looking at us over the burden that
15 clung to her most affectionately.

"Is it possible," whispered my guardian, as we put a chair for the little creature and got her to sit down with her load, the boy keeping close to her, holding to her apron, "that this child works for the rest? Look at this!
20 For pity's sake, look at this!"

It was a thing to look at. The three children close together, and two of them relying solely on the third, and the third so young and with an air of age and steadiness that sat so strangely on the childish figure.

25 "Charley, Charley!" said my guardian. "How old are you?"

"Over thirteen, sir," replied the child.

"Oh! what a great age!" said my guardian; "what a great age, Charley!"

I cannot describe the tenderness with which he spoke to her, half playful, yet all the more compassionately and mournfully. 5

"And do you live alone here with these babies, Charley?" said my guardian.

"Yes, sir," returned the child, looking up into his face with perfect confidence, "since father died."

"And how do you live, Charley? Oh, Charley," said 10 my guardian, turning his face away for a moment, "how do you live?"

"Since my father died, sir, I've gone out to work. I'm out washing to-day."

"But, Charley," said my guardian, "you're not tall 15 enough to reach the tub!"

"In pattens I am, sir," she said quickly. "I've got a high pair that belonged to mother."

"And when did mother die?"

"Mother died just after Emma was born," said the 20 child, glancing at the face upon her bosom. "Then father said I was to be as good a mother to her as I could. And so I tried. And so I worked at home, and did cleaning and nursing and washing for a long time before I began to go out. And that's how I know how, don't 25 you see, sir?"

"And do you often go out?"

“As often as I can,” said Charley, opening her eyes and smiling, “because of earning sixpences and shillings.”

“And do you always lock the babies up when you go out?”

5 “To keep them safe, sir, don’t you see?” said Charley. “Mrs. Blinder comes up now and then, and Mr. Gridley comes up sometimes, and perhaps I can run in sometimes, and they can play, you know, and Tom is not afraid of being locked up, are you, Tom?”

10 “No-o!” said Tom, stoutly.

“When it comes on dark, the lamps are lighted down in the court, and they show up here quite bright — almost quite bright. Don’t they, Tom?”

“Yes, Charley,” said Tom, “almost quite bright.”

15 “Then he’s as good as gold,” said the little creature in such a motherly, womanly way. “And when Emma is tired he puts her to bed. And when he’s tired he goes to bed himself. And when I come home and light the candle and have a bit of supper, he sits up again and has 20 it with me. Don’t you, Tom?”

“Oh, yes, Charley,” said Tom. “That I do!” And either in this glimpse of the great pleasure of his life, or in gratitude and love for Charley, who was all in all to him, he laid his face among the scanty folds of her frock 25 and passed from laughing into crying.

Abridged.

nan-keen’: a brownish-yellow cloth originally made in Nankin, China.—
pattens: wooden soles or sandals to raise the feet above a wet floor or street.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

JOHN RUSKIN

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900) was an English author and artist. To defend the painter, Turner, from his critics, Ruskin wrote his first great book, "Modern Painters." He was greatly interested in social progress.

NOTE.—In the lecture from which this lesson is taken Ruskin has been talking about the mystery of life. He says that many so-called wise men have not learned the real secret of living so as to gather out of this present world what is best. To illustrate the foolishness of the constant struggle for power and wealth he tells of a dream which he had once. "For though I am no poet," he says, "I have dreams sometimes."

I dreamed I was at a child's May-day party, in which 10 every means of entertainment had been provided for them by a wise and kind host. It was in a stately house, with beautiful gardens attached to it; and the children had been set free in the rooms and gardens, with no care whatever but how to pass their afternoon rejoicingly. They did not, 15 indeed, know much about what was to happen next day; and some of them, I thought, were a little frightened, because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school where there were examinations; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, 20 and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of flowers, sweet grassy banks for rest, and smooth lawns for play, and pleasant streams and woods, and rocky

places for climbing. And the children were happy for a little while, but presently they separated themselves into parties; and then each party declared it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the 5 others should have anything to do with that piece. Next they quarreled violently as to which pieces they would have; and at last the boys took up the thing and fought in the flower beds till there was hardly a flower left standing; then they trampled down each other's bits of 10 the garden out of spite; and the girls cried till they could cry no more; and so they all lay down at last breathless in the ruin, and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.

Meanwhile the children in the house had been making 15 themselves happy also in their manner. For them there had been provided every kind of indoor pleasure: there was music for them to dance to; and the library was open, with all manner of amusing books; and there was a museum full of the most curious shells, and animals, 20 and birds; and there was a workshop, with lathes and carpenter's tools, for the ingenious boys; and there were pretty fantastic dresses for the girls to dress in; and there were microscopes and kaleidoscopes; and whatever toys a child could fancy; and a table, in the dining room, 25 loaded with everything nice to eat.

But, in the midst of all this, it struck two or three of the children that they would like some of the brass-headed

nails that studded the chairs ; and so they set to work to pull them out. Presently the others, who were reading or looking at shells, took a fancy to do the like ; and in a little while all the children, nearly, were spraining their fingers in pulling out brass-headed nails. With all that they could pull out they were not satisfied ; and then everybody wanted some of somebody else's. And at last they declared that nothing was of any real consequence, that afternoon, except to get plenty of brass-headed nails ; and that the books, and the cakes, and the microscopes were of no use at all in themselves, but only if they could be exchanged for nail heads. Here and there a despised one shrank away into a corner and tried to get a little quiet with a book in the midst of the noise ; but all the practical ones thought of nothing else but counting nail heads all the afternoon,—even though they knew that they would not be allowed to carry so much as one brass knob away with them. But no — it was “Who has most nails ? I have a hundred, and you have fifty” ; or, “I have a thousand and you have two. I must have as many as you before I leave the house, or I cannot possibly go home in peace.” At last they made so much noise that I awoke, and thought to myself, “What a false dream that is of children. The child is the father of the man ; and wiser. Children never do such foolish things.”

Abridged. 25

The child is the father of the man : see Wordsworth's poem “My heart leaps up when I behold.”



THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

LORD BYRON

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788-1824) was one of the great English poets. His best work may be ranked with what is most worthy of admiration in English literature, though many of his poems lack moral quality.

NOTE.—François de Bonnivard (frān-swā dē bo-nē-vār'), the “prisoner of Chillon” (shil-lōn’), was born in 1496. He took up the cause of the 5 people of Geneva, in Switzerland, against the duke of Savoy, and was in consequence arrested. For six years he was confined in the castle of Chillon on the bank of Lake Geneva. In 1536 he was set free and received honors and rewards for his patriotism. Byron founded his poem on this incident, but the two brothers in the story are an invention of his own. 10

A light broke in upon my brain,—
 It was the carol of a bird;
 It ceased, and then it came again,—
 The sweetest song ear ever heard;
 And mine was thankful till my eyes 15
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery.
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track: 20
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before;
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,—
 But through the crevice where it came 25

That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
5 And seemed to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
10 And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
15 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine;
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from paradise;
20 For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me.
But then at last away it flew,
25 And then 'twas mortal well I knew;
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone. . . .

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate;
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was:—my broken chain
 With links unfastened did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,—
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod.
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall;
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all
 Who loved me in a human shape;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me;
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery;

I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad ;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more upon the mountains high
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them — and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame ;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide, long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channeled rock and broken bush ;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down ;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile —
The only one in view ;
A small, green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor ;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue.

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count—I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote;
 At last came men to set me free,
 I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fettered or fetterless to be,
 I learn'd to love despair,
 And thus when they appear'd at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage—and all my own!
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home:
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watched them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill,—yet strange to tell,
 In quiet we had learned to dwell;
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are:—even I
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

5

10

15

20

25

THE CAPTIVE



As I walked across in front of his cage in the lion house his eyes followed me with a dull indifference which was almost as piteous as pain. That royal figure, terrible in his sinewy strength, splendid in his superb beauty, framed for swift running, for graceful leaping, for the wild joys of the life God had given him, was a miserable captive. The wrath and anguish of his first imprisonment had died away. No longer was it a keen and bitter agony to remember the wide, solitary plains, the refreshing streams, the warm sunshine, and the cool shade. He was used to his keeper and to his narrow cage — used to the idle, impertinent crowd that came daily to watch him.

Infinite weariness was in that kingly face, but the protest was gone. He accepted his fate.

On both sides of his prison were later arrivals, pacing back and forth with the quick, nervous step of the newly caged, in the frantic hope that somewhere the bars might open and they might step forth into freedom once more. But he knew that he was a prisoner with a life sentence. Hopeless, crushed, yet never more truly regal than in his helplessness and defeat, he looked out over the moving throng with the unconcern that was a part of his despair. Anticipation, eagerness, joy,—these had faded forever from the magnificent eyes. Life had ceased to hold such emotions. Even the stir of excitement which, in the other cages, marked the drawing near of feeding time, failed to move him to anything more than a listless interest. He took the huge joint thrust within his reach and dragged it away to the farthest corner; at least he would eat in private so far as he could. But the eager crowd pressed and jostled one another in their rude and vulgar curiosity.

Poor captive! In the busy street where your picture is displayed it calls forth admiring comment from thousands. But sometimes a passer-by turns away with sympathy and pity in his face, for never did Tragedy look forth more surely from human countenance than from those saddened and reproachful eyes.

Selected.

BENEATH AN UMBRELLA

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864) was one of the greatest literary artists America has produced. For an account of his life see Book IV, page 21. Among his best-known books are "The Marble Faun," "Twice-Told Tales," "The House of the Seven Gables," and "The Scarlet Letter."

5 When eve has fairly set in, therefore, I sally forth, tightly buttoning my shaggy overcoat, and hoisting my umbrella, the silken dome of which immediately resounds with the heavy drumming of the invisible raindrops. Pausing on the lowest doorstep, I contrast the warmth
10 and cheerfulness of my deserted fireside with the drear obscurity and chill discomfort into which I am about to plunge. Did not my manhood cry shame upon me, I should turn back within doors, resume my elbow chair, my slippers, and my book, pass such an evening of sluggish
15 enjoyment as the day has been, and go to bed inglorious. The same shivering reluctance, no doubt, has quelled, for a moment, the adventurous spirit of many a traveler, when his feet, which were destined to measure the earth around, were leaving their last tracks in the home paths.

20 In my own case, poor human nature may be allowed a few misgivings. I look upward and discern no sky, not even an unfathomable void, but only a black, impenetrable nothingness, as though heaven and all its lights were

blotted from the system of the universe. It is as if nature were dead, and the world had put on black, and the clouds were weeping for her. With their tears upon my cheek, I turn my eyes earthward, but find little consolation here below. A lamp is burning dimly at the distant corner, and throws just enough of light along the street to show, and exaggerate by so faintly showing, the perils and difficulties which beset my path.

Pshaw ! I will linger not another instant at arm's length from these dim terrors, which grow more obscurely for 10
midable the longer I delay to grapple with them. Now for the onset ! And lo ! with little damage, save a dash of rain in the face and breast, a splash of mud high up on the pantaloons, and the left boot full of ice-cold water, behold me at the corner of the street. The lamp throws 15
down a circle of red light around me ; and twinkling onward from corner to corner, I discern other beacons marshaling my way to a brighter scene.

But this is a lonesome and dreary spot. The tall edifices bid gloomy defiance to the storm, with their blinds 20
all closed, even as a man winks when he faces a spattering gust. How loudly tinkles the collected rain down the tin spouts ! The puffs of wind are boisterous, and seem to assail me from various quarters at once. I have often observed that this corner is a haunt and loitering place 25
for those winds which have no work to do upon the deep, dashing ships against our iron-bound shores, nor in the

forest, tearing up the sylvan giants with half a rood of soil at their vast roots.

Here they amuse themselves with lesser freaks of mischief. See, at this moment, how they assail yonder poor woman, who is passing just within the verge of the lamp-light ! One blast struggles for her umbrella, and turns it wrong side outward ; another whisks the cape of her cloak across her eyes. Happily, the good dame is no gossamer, but a figure of rotundity and fleshly substance ; else would these aërial tormentors whirl her aloft, like a witch upon a broomstick.

From hence I tread upon firm pavements into the center of the town. Here there is almost as brilliant an illumination as when some great victory has been won, either on the battlefield or at the polls. Two rows of shops, with windows down nearly to the ground, cast a glow from side to side, while the black night hangs overhead like a canopy, and thus keeps the splendor from diffusing itself away. The wet sidewalks gleam with a broad sheet of red light. The raindrops glitter, as if the sky were pouring down rubies. The spouts gush with fire.

Next I meet an unhappy slipshod gentleman, with a cloak flung hastily over his shoulders, running a race with boisterous winds, and striving to glide between the drops of rain. Some domestic emergency or other has blown this miserable man from his warm fireside in quest of a doctor ! See that little vagabond, — how carelessly

he has taken his stand right underneath a spout, while staring at some object of curiosity in a shop window! Surely the rain is his native element; he must have fallen with it from the clouds, as frogs are supposed to do.

Onward, still onward, I plunge into the night. Now 5 I have reached the utmost limits of the town, where the last lamp struggles feebly with the darkness, like the farthest star that stands sentinel on the borders of un-created space.

And now the mail coach, outward bound, rolls heavily 10 off the pavements, and splashes through the mud and water of the road. All night long the poor passengers will be tossed to and fro between drowsy watch and troubled sleep, and will dream of their own quiet beds, and awake to find themselves still jolting onward. Happier 15 my lot, who will straightway hie me to my familiar room, and toast myself comfortably before the fire, musing, and fitfully dozing, and fancying a strangeness in such sights as all may see.

Abridged.

rood: a measure of five and a half yards.—gossamer: a fine, filmy substance.—mail coach: in old times the mail was carried by coaches instead of by railway cars.



THE SHIP-BUILDERS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892), the Quaker poet of New England, was well known for his liberal spirit and for the high moral character of his poems.

The sky is ruddy in the east,
 5 The earth is gray below,
 And, spectral in the river mist,
 The ship's white timbers show.
 Then let the sounds of measured stroke
 And grating saw begin ;
 10 The broadax to the gnarled oak,
 The mallet to the pin !

Hark ! — roars the bellows, blast on blast,
 The sooty smithy jars,
 And fire sparks, rising far and fast,
 15 Are fading with the stars.
 All day for us the smith shall stand
 Beside that flashing forge ;
 All day for us his heavy hand
 The groaning anvil scourge.

20 From far-off hills, the panting team
 For us is toiling near ;

For us the raftsmen down the stream
 Their island barges steer.
 Rings out for us the ax-man's stroke
 In forests old and still,—
 For us the century-circled oak
 Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
 No craftsmen bear a part:
 We make of Nature's giant powers
 The slaves of human Art.
 Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
 And drive the treenails free;
 Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
 Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
 The sea's rough field shall plow,—
 Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
 With salt spray caught below,—
 That ship must heed her master's beck,
 Her helm obey his hand,
 And seamen tread her reeling deck
 As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture beak
 Of Northern ice may peel;

5

10

15

20

The sunken rock and coral peak
 May grate along her keel;
 And know we well the painted shell
 We give to wind and wave
 Must float, the sailor's citadel,
 Or sink, the sailor's grave!

5



Ho! — strike away the bars and blocks,
 And set the good ship free!
 Why lingers on these dusty rocks
 The young bride of the sea?

Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
 In graceful beauty now!
 How lowly on the breast she loves
 Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze

5

Her snowy wing shall fan,
 Aside the frozen Hebrides,
 Or sultry Hindostan!

Where'er, in mart or on the main,
 With peaceful flag unfurled,
 She helps to wind the silken chain
 Of commerce round the world!

10

Be hers the prairie's golden grain,
 The desert's golden sand,
 The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
 The spice of Morning-land!
 Her pathway on the open main
 May blessings follow free,
 And glad hearts welcome back again
 Her white sails from the sea!

15

20

pin: a wooden peg or bolt. — **island barges**: barges or rafts as large as islands. — **century-circled**: the age of a tree is shown by the circles in a cross section of the wood. — **teennails**: long wooden pins used to fasten the planks of a vessel. — **nor**: frequently used in poetry instead of *neither*. — **beck**: a beckoning call. — **coral peak**: coral reefs are the tops of submerged masses of lime formation. — **citadel**: fortress. — **mart**: trading place. Compare this with Longfellow's poem, "The Building of the Ship."

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE

WILLIAM J. LONG

WILLIAM J. LONG is an American writer whose intimate knowledge of wood folk gives to his writings much interest and value.

The cheery whistle of the quail recalls to most New England people a vision of breezy upland pastures, with a 5 mottled brown bird calling melodiously from the topmost slanting rail of the old sheep fence. Farmers say he foretells the weather, calling, *More-wet; much-more-wet!* Boys say he only proclaims his name, *Bob White! I'm Bob White!* But whether he prognosticates or introduces 10 himself, his voice is always a welcome one. Those who know the call listen with pleasure, and speedily come to love the bird that makes it.

Bob White has another call, more beautiful than his boyish whistle, which comparatively few have heard. It 15 is a soft, liquid yodeling, which the male bird uses to call the scattered flock together. One who walks in the woods at sunset sometimes hears it from a tangle of grapevine and bull brier. If he has the patience to push his way carefully through the underbrush, he may see the beautiful Bob on a rock or stump, uttering the softest and most musical of whistles. He is telling his flock that here is a nice place he has found, where they can spend the night and be safe from owls and prowling foxes.



If the watcher be very patient and still, he will presently hear the pattering of tiny feet on the leaves, and see the brown birds come running in from every direction. Once in a lifetime, perhaps, he may see them gather in a close 5 circle—tails together, heads out, like the spokes of a wheel, and so go to sleep for the night. Their soft whistlings and chirpings at such times form the most delightful sound one ever hears in the woods.

This call of the male bird is not difficult to imitate. 10 Hunters use it occasionally to call the scattered covey together, or to locate the male birds, which generally answer to the leader's call. I have frequently called a flock of the birds into a thicket at sunset, and caught running glimpses of them as they hurried about, looking for 15 the bugler who called taps.

All this occurred to me, late one afternoon, in the great Zoölogical Gardens at Antwerp. I was watching a yard of birds,—three or four hundred representatives of the pheasant family, from all over the earth, that were running about among the rocks and artificial copses. Some 20 were almost as wild as if in their native woods; others had grown tame from being constantly fed by visitors.

It was rather confusing to a bird lover, familiar only with home birds, to see all the strange forms and colors 25 in the grass, and to hear a chorus of unknown notes from trees and underbrush. But suddenly there was a touch of naturalness. That beautiful brown bird with the

shapely body and the quick, nervous run,—no one could mistake him; it was Bob White. And with him came a flash of the dear -New England landscape three thousand miles away. Another and another showed himself and was gone. Then I thought of the woods at sunset, and began to call softly.

The carnivora were being fed not far away; a frightful uproar came from the cages. The coughing roar of a male lion made the air shiver. Cockatoos screamed; noisy parrots squawked hideously. Children were playing and shouting near by. In the yard itself fifty birds were singing or crying strange notes. Besides all this, the quail I had seen had been hatched far from home, under a strange mother. So I had little hope of success.

But as the call grew louder and louder, a liquid yodel 15 came like an electric shock from a clump of bushes on the left. There he was, looking, listening. Another call, and he came running toward me. Others appeared from every direction, and soon a score of quail were running about, just inside the screen, with soft gurglings like a 20 hidden brook, doubly delightful to an ear that had longed to hear them.

City, gardens, beasts, strangers,—all vanished in an instant. I was a boy in the fields again. The rough New England hillside grew tender and beautiful in the sunset 25 light; the hollows were rich in autumn glory. The pasture brook sang on its way to the river; a robin called from a

crimson maple; and all around was the low, thrilling whistle and the patter of welcome feet on the leaves, as Bob White came running again to meet his countryman.

One touch of nature : “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.” This quotation is taken from Shakespeare’s “*Troilus and Cressida*.” — **yo’deling** : the warbling call of the Swiss mountaineers.—**taps** : the military signal, often played upon the bugle, for extinguishing lights and going to rest.—**carniv’ora** : flesh-eating animals.

A SEINE MAKER

ANNA BOTSFORD COMSTOCK

MRS. ANNA BOTSFORD COMSTOCK is an American writer whose studies of insect life are particularly interesting and instructive.

There is a certain stream I know that begins as a brook, traversing a high meadow sweet with clover and white with daisies. It then forsakes sunny heights and glides down a pine-covered hill where great roots interlace and 10 hold firm its banks; thence it tumbles down a slope beset with birch and sumac, and finally under some furry young hemlocks it takes a wild plunge to wider levels below.

This brook, fed from living springs, is the theater of myriad life, and it was

15 Down the golden-braided center of its current swift and strong that I first saw a quaint little fisherman who spreads his nets for fry too small for our coarse eyes to see. Well is he named *Hydropsyche*, “the water sprite.”

Most skillfully he makes his snare. It is formed like a dip net and fastened with silk to a frame of leaves or pebbles, so that its distended mouth is directed upstream. Near the frame it consists of fragments of vegetation woven into a silken tapestry, and it is finished at the end with a bag of coarse, even mesh. The regularity of this bit of netting is beautiful to behold, and its use shows the cleverness of the builder. This large mesh allows the water to flow through freely, thereby leaving entangled in the seine any little creature not small enough to pass through. The mechanism of the structure is simple and self-regulating.

5

10

15

On the side of this tiny seine toward the current of the stream is a little passage which leads to the seine builder's house. This is a rather crudely constructed tube made of sticks and stones fastened to the surface of the stone with silk, and just large enough to fit its occupant. Lying in 20 his house, his alert head reaching out into the passageway, our small fisherman needs only to take a step or two to examine his haul and sate his appetite.

This clever little artisan is a caterpillar hardly more than a half inch in length when fully grown. In color he 25 is brownish or olive green, and he has three pairs of true legs, which are longer than the legs usually vouchsafed to



caterpillars. He has black eyes, which give him a keen, alert expression of countenance. Along the lower surface of his body are tiny tassels of thread, which are his tracheal gills and enable him to breathe the oxygen mixed 5 with the swift-flowing water, so that he does not have to rise to the surface to take breath. His body also bears a pair of stout hooks. It is by means of these that he grasps his silken ropes and is not swept away downstream by the swift current. He loves to spread his nets on the very 10 brink of waterfalls, and there they remain long after he has abandoned them, making the rock dark with the refuse caught in their cunning meshes.

When the fisherman has found in his nets day after day sufficient sustenance to complete his growth, he asks 15 no more of the kindly waters, but retires to his shabby house, patching it up, mayhap, to make it stronger and more torrent proof. Here he builds a grating of silk at either end which allows the water to pass through freely, but carefully excludes small enemies that might find their 20 way in through an unbarred door. Thus protected, he changes to a pupa. After a time he bursts the pupa skin, tears down the bars at the door, and shoots like an arrow to the surface of the stream. In this upward course he swims with his long legs and holds his wings folded tightly 25 upon his back. The instant he reaches the surface the wings unfold like magic and bear him away into a new and unknown medium.

No more fundamental change of habit can be imagined. This creature that has lived his whole life beneath the surface of the water, clinging to perilous brinks with his anchoring hooks, making and spreading his nets on slippery, submerged rocks, suddenly in a second changes to a 5 true denizen of the air. For this he is now equipped with soft, brown, leathery wings, folded rooflike over his back; and with long, threadlike antennæ that continually touch all things within their reach with delicate inquisitiveness; and with long, slender legs, stockinged in ornate hairs of 10 which any moth might be justly proud.

His life in the air is short and sweet. Hiding himself during the garish day, he comes out in the shadowy night and seeks his mate. She may have been his nearest neighbor at the bottom of the stream, but she was nothing to 15 him then. Now she is all there is of life's happiness. As soon as he, after brief possession, loses her, he seems to realize there is naught else worth living for, and he dashes toward the first light that affords him opportunity for self-immolation. Does he perchance regard it as some 20 near star, whereon he may find another incarnation? With dazzled eyes he flings himself into it and speedily experiences the ecstasy of martyrdom, yielding with mad joy his body and delicate wings to brighten for one instant the sacrificial flame. 25

fry: a crowd of little fishes. — *Hydropsyche*: pronounced hī-drō-sī'kē.
— another incarnation: a new bodily form.

THE HUMBLEBEE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, born in Boston in 1803, was a famous lecturer and writer. For the greater part of his life his home was in Concord, Massachusetts, where he died in 1882. Emerson taught the world many lessons; one of them, which had already been put into words by 5 Wordsworth, was that plain living and high thinking go well together.

10

15

Burly, dozing humblebee,
 Where thou art is clime for me.
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,
 Far-off heats through seas to seek;
 I will follow thee alone,
 Thou animated torrid zone!
 Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
 Let me chase thy waving lines:
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
 Singing over shrubs and vines.

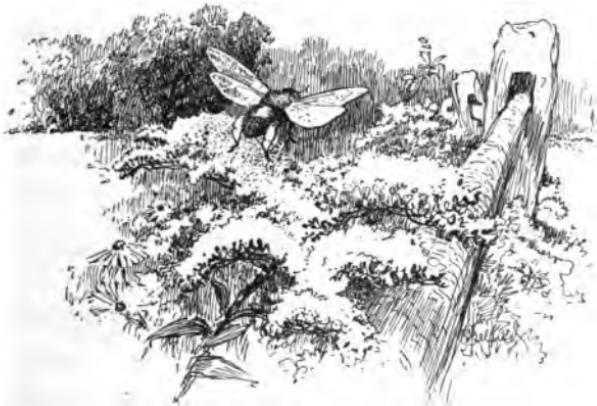
20

When the south wind, in May days,
 With a net of shining haze
 Silvers the horizon wall,
 And, with softness touching all,
 Tints the human countenance
 With a color of romance,
 And, infusing subtle heats,
 Turns the sod to violets,

Thou, in sunny solitudes,
 Rover of the underwoods,
 The green silence dost displace
 With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers;

5



Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
 In Indian wildernesses found;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

10

Aught unsavory or unclean
 Hath my insect never seen;

But violets and bilberry bells,
 Maple sap and daffodils,
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 5 Columbine with horn of honey,
 Scented fern, and agrimony,
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
 And brier roses, dwelt among;
 All beside was unknown waste,
 10 All was picture as he passed.
 Wiser far than human seer,
 Yellow-breeched philosopher!
 Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
 15 Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
 When the fierce northwestern blast
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,
 Thou already slumberest deep;
 20 Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
 Want and woe, which torture us,
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

Porto Rique: Porto Rico is a famous winter resort.—**Syrian peace**: the ideal of the philosophers of India and Syria is a state of inaction and blissful repose.—**bil'berry bells**: huckleberry blossoms.—**suc'cory**: a way-side plant bearing a blue flower.—**ag'rimony**: common herb with a spike of yellow flowers.—**thy sleep**: bees are usually torpid throughout the winter, waking to life and activity with the spring.

THE NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

MARK TWAIN

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (1835-), better known as Mark Twain, is an American author who has a vigorous style and a true gift of humor.

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather within four and twenty hours. It was I who made the fame and fortune of the man who had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial, which so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel around the world and get specimens from all climes. I said, "Don't do it; just come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to

spare, weather to hire out, weather to sell, weather to deposit, weather to invest, and weather to give to the poor.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy and thoroughly deserves it. You take up the 5 paper and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region. See him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then see his tail drop. *He* 10 doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something like this: "Probable northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer, swapping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning." Then he 15 jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme 20 may be wholly changed in the meantime."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is certain to be plenty of weather, — a perfect grand review, — but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to 25 move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and two to one you are drowned. You make up your

mind that an earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you are struck by lightning.

But, after all, there are at least two or three things about that weather (or, if you please, the effects produced by it) 5 which we residents would not like to part with. If we had n't our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries — the ice storm. Every bough and twig is strung with ice beads, frozen dewdrops, and 10 the whole tree sparkles cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and burn and flash with all manner of colored fires; which change 15 and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold. The tree becomes a spraying fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels, and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature, of bewildering, 20 intoxicating, intolerable magnificence. One cannot make the words too strong. Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice storm comes at last I say: "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me 25 a cent; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world."

READINGS FROM THE PSALMS

NOTE.—The book of Psalms was the hymn book of the Hebrew nation. Many authors and periods of time are represented in it. It is commonly supposed that David, king of Israel, was the author of many of these songs.

5 David was a shepherd boy who came into public notice when he was summoned to entertain King Saul by playing on the harp. After the death of Saul, David became king, and had a long and brilliant reign.

PSALM XIX

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

10 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their 15 words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his 20 circuit unto the ends of it : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul : the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much 5
fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

10

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, 15
and my redeemer.

PSALM C

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath 20
made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

25

For the Lord is good ; his mercy is everlasting ; and his truth endureth to all generations.

PSALM CIV

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great ; thou art clothed with honour and majesty :

5 Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment : who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain :

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters : who maketh the clouds his chariot : who walketh upon the wings of the wind :

10 Who maketh his angels spirits ; his ministers a flaming fire : . . .

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field. . . .

15 By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches. . . .

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man : that he may bring forth food out of the earth ; . . .

20 He appointed the moon for seasons : the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night : wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

25 The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast ⁵ thou made them all : the earth is full of thy riches. . . .

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live : I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. . . .

PSALM CXXXVII

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. 10

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song ; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. 15

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land ?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my ²⁰ chief joy.

PSALM CXXXIX

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising ; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

5 Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I 10 flee from thy presence? . . .

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

15 If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee. . . .

20 Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Babylon: the greatest city of the ancient world. Here the Jews had been carried as captives. These verses express their homesick longing for the holy city.—**wasted**: made poor, destroyed.—**Zion**: another name for Jerusalem.—**cunning**: skill, dexterity.—**compassest**: to compass is to surround.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SNOWSTORM

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER (1829-1900) was an American author. He had a keen, wholesome sense of humor, a sympathetic nature, and much literary taste. Among his entertaining books are "My Summer in a Garden" and "Back-Log Studies."

It was one of those wide-sweeping, careering storms 5 that may not much affect the city, but which strongly impress the country imagination with a sense of the personal qualities of the weather,—power, persistency, fierceness, and roaring exultation. Outdoors was terrible to those who looked out of windows, and heard the 10 raging wind, and saw the commotion in all the high tree tops and the writhing of the low evergreens, and could not summon resolution to go forth and breast and conquer the bluster. The sky was dark with snow, which was not permitted to fall peacefully like a blessed mantle, 15 as it sometimes does, but was blown and rent and tossed like the split canvas of a ship in a gale.

The world was taken possession of by the demons of the air, who had their will of it: There is a sort of fascination in such a scene, equal to that of a tempest at sea, 20 and without its attendant haunting sense of peril; there is no fear that the house will founder or dash against your neighbor's cottage, which is dimly seen anchored

across the field; at every thundering onset there is no fear that the cook's galley will upset, or the screw break loose and smash through the side, and we are not in



momentary expectation of the tinkling of the little bell to
 5 "stop her."

The snow rises in drifting waves, and the naked trees bend like strained masts; but so long as the window blinds remain fast, and the chimney tops do not go, we preserve an equal mind. Nothing more serious can
 10 happen than the failure of the butcher's and the grocer's

carts, unless, indeed, the little news carrier should fail to board us with the world's daily bulletin, or our next-door neighbor should be deterred from coming to sit by the blazing, excited fire, and interchange the trifling, harmless gossip of the day. The feeling of seclusion on 5 such a day is sweet, but the true friend who does brave the storm and come is welcomed with a sort of enthusiasm that his arrival in pleasant weather would never excite.

On such a day I recall the great snowstorms on the 10 northern New England hills, which lasted for a week with no cessation, with no sunrise or sunset, and no observation at noon; and the sky all the while dark with the driving snow, and the whole world full of the noise of the rioting boreal forces; until the roads were obliterated, 15 the fences covered, and the snow was piled solidly above the first-story windows of the farmhouse on one side, and drifted before the front door so high that egress could only be had by tunneling the bank.

After such a battle and siege, when the wind fell and 20 the sun struggled out again, the pallid world lay subdued and tranquil, and the scattered dwellings were not unlike wrecks stranded by the tempest and half buried in sand. But when the blue sky again bent over all, when the wide expanse of snow sparkled like diamond fields and the 25 chimney signal smokes could be seen, how beautiful was the picture! Then began the stir abroad, and the efforts

to open up communication through roads, or fields, or wherever paths could be broken, and the ways to the meetinghouse first of all.

Then from every house and hamlet the men turned out
5 with shovels, with the patient, lumbering oxen yoked to the sleds, to break the roads, driving into the deepest drifts, shoveling and shouting as if the severe labor were a holiday frolic, the courage and the hilarity rising with the difficulties encountered ; and relief parties, meeting at length
10 in the midst of the wide white desolation, hailed each other as chance explorers in new lands, and made the whole countryside ring with the noise of their congratulations.

There was as much excitement and healthy stirring of the blood in it as in the Fourth of July, and perhaps as
15 much patriotism. The boy saw it in dumb show from the distant, low farmhouse window, and wished he were a man. At night there were great stories of achievement told by the cavernous fireplace; great latitude was permitted in the estimation of the size of particular drifts,
20 but never any agreement was reached as to the "depth on a level." I have observed since that people are quite as apt to agree upon the marvelous and the exceptional as upon simple facts.

Notice the nautical figures of speech throughout.

an equal mind: well-balanced, calm. — **observation**: at sea an observation of the sun is taken at noon in clear weather in order to determine the vessel's location. — **bo'real**: northerly. Boreas, in Greek mythology, was the north wind. — **latitude**: freedom.

THE MOCKING BIRD

SIDNEY LANIER

SIDNEY LANIER (lä-neer') was an American poet whose work has a wonderful charm. In addition to his exquisite verse he wrote "The Boy's Froissart" and other books in prose. He was born in 1842 and died in 1881.

NOTE.—In this beautiful sonnet is compressed a wealth of meaning 5 and suggestion. Note the third line and all that it contains. The poet calls the bird a Shakespeare, and the reason for it is given in the eighth line of the poem.

Superb and sole, upon a plumèd spray
 That o'er the general leafage boldly grew, 10
 He summed the woods in song; or typic drew
 The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
 Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
 And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew
 At morn in brake or bosky avenue. 15
 Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say.
 Then down he shot, bounced airily along
 The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made song
 Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his art again.
 Sweet Science, this large riddle read me plain: 20
 How may the death of that dull insect be
 The life of yon trim Shakespeare on the tree?

typ'ic: representing something by a single instance or model. — **bosk'y:** woody or bushy. — **to his art again:** went back to his singing again. — **read me plain:** explain to me.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859) was an English poet and man of letters who had great personal charm. Both his poetry and his prose are easy and graceful.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)

5 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold ;
 10 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 15 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still ; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 20 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE CONTENTED MAN

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

NOTE.—The following selection is from "Back-Log Studies."

I made his acquaintance last summer in the country, and I have not in a long time been so well pleased with any of our species. He was a man past middle life, with a large family. He had always been from boyhood of a contented and placid mind, slow in his movements, slow in his speech. I think he never cherished a hard feeling toward anybody, nor envied any one, least of all the rich and prosperous, about whom he liked to talk. Indeed, his talk was a good deal about wealth, especially about his cousin who had been down South and "got forehanded" within a few years.

He was genuinely pleased at his relation's good luck, and pointed him out to me with some pride. But he had no envy of him, and he evinced no desire to imitate him. I inferred from all his conversation about "piling it up" (of which he spoke with a gleam of enthusiasm in his eye) that there were moments when he would like to be rich himself; but it was evident that he would never make the least effort to be so, and I doubt if he could even overcome that delicious inertia of mind and body called laziness sufficiently to inherit.

Wealth seemed to have a far and peculiar fascination for him, and I suspect he was a visionary in the midst of his poverty. Yet I suppose he had hardly the personal property which the law exempts from execution. He had lived in a great many towns, moving from one to another with his growing family, by easy stages, and was always the poorest man in the town, and lived on the most niggardly of its rocky and bramble-grown farms, the productiveness of which he reduced to zero in a couple of seasons by his careful neglect of culture.

The fences of his hired domain always fell into ruins under him, perhaps because he sat on them so much, and the hovels he occupied rotted down during his placid residence in them. He moved from desolation to desolation, but carried always with him the equal mind of a philosopher. Not even the occasional tart remarks of his wife about their nomadic life and his serenity in the midst of discomfort could ruffle his smooth spirit.

He was a most worthy man, truthful, honest, temperate, and, I need not say, frugal; and he had no bad habits,—perhaps he never had energy enough to acquire any. Nor did he lack the knack of the Yankee race. He could make a shoe, or build a house, or doctor a cow; but it never seemed to him, in this brief existence, worth while to do any of these things.

He was an excellent angler, but he rarely fished; partly because of the shortness of days, partly on account of

the uncertainty of bites, but principally because the trout brooks were all arranged lengthwise and ran over so much ground.

But no man liked to look at a string of trout better than he did, and he was willing to sit down in a sunny place and talk about trout-fishing half a day at a time; and he would talk pleasantly and well too, though his wife might be continually interrupting him by a call for firewood.

I should not do justice to his own idea of himself if I did not add that he was most respectably connected, and that he had a justifiable though feeble pride in his family. It helped his self-respect, which no ignoble circumstances could destroy.

He was, as must appear by this time, a most intelligent man, and he was a well-informed man; that is to say, he read the weekly newspapers when he could get them, and he had the average country information about Beecher and Greeley and the Prussian war and the general prospect of the election campaigns. Indeed, he was warmly, or rather lukewarmly, interested in politics.

He liked to talk about the inflated currency, and it seemed plain to him that his condition would somehow be improved if we could get to a specie basis. He was, in fact, a little troubled by the national debt; it seemed to press on him somehow, while his own never did. He exhibited more animation over the affairs of the

government than he did over his own,—an evidence at once of his disinterestedness and his patriotism.

I never saw a person with more correct notions on such a variety of subjects. He was perfectly willing that 5 churches (being himself a member) and Sunday schools and missionary enterprises should go on; in fact, I do not believe he ever opposed anything in his life. No one was more willing to vote town taxes and road repairs and schoolhouses than he. If you could call him spirited 10 at all, he was public-spirited.

And with all this he was never very well; he had, from boyhood, "enjoyed poor health." You would say he was not a man who would ever catch anything, not even an epidemic; but he was a person whom diseases would be 15 likely to overtake, even the slowest of slow fevers. And he wasn't a man to shake off anything. And yet sickness seemed to trouble him no more than poverty. He was not discontented; he never grumbled. I am not sure but he relished a "spell of sickness" in haying time.

20 I have never seen a man with less envy, or more cheerfulness, or so contented with as little reason for being so. The only drawback to his future is that rest beyond the grave will not be much change for him, and he has no works to follow him.

Abridged.

inflated currency: money not worth its face value.—works to follow him: see Revelation xiv. 13.

SWORD AND SCIMITER

WALTER SCOTT

NOTE.—“The Talisman,” one of the most interesting of Scott’s novels, deals with the period of the crusades. Richard I, king of England, had gone to Palestine in company with other European leaders and a great army, to rescue Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulcher from the Eastern tribes. Here he met Saladin, the conqueror of Syria, and the two monarchs exchanged civilities, as enemies often do in times of truce. The king was the guest of Saladin in a tent near the lists, where friendly combats were to be held; he wore his great two-handed sword, a broad, straight blade which stretched well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of its wearer. He was accompanied by his devoted friend, the English baron De Vaux. 10

“Had I not,” said Saladin, “seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?” 15

“Willingly, noble Saladin,” answered Richard; and, looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal and about an inch and a half in diameter. This he placed 20 on a block of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master’s honor led him to whisper in English: “For the blessed Virgin’s sake, beware what you attempt, my liege! Your full strength is not yet returned—give no triumph to the infidel.” 25

“ Peace, fool!” said Richard, standing firm on his ground and casting a fierce glance around; “ thinkest thou that I can fail in *his* presence?”

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, 5 rose aloft to the king’s left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging bill.

“ By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!” 10 said the soldan, critically examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder. “ Something I would fain attempt; each land hath its exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric.” So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end. 15 “ Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?” he said to King Richard.

“ No, surely,” replied the king; “ no sword on earth, were it the Excalibur of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow.”

20 “ Mark, then,” said Saladin; and, tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin, indeed, and spare, but a mass of bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimiter, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was, on the contrary, 25 of a dull blue color, marked with ten millions of meandering lines, which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armorer.



Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared with that of Richard, the soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim, then 5 stepping at once forward, drew the scimiter so dexterously that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

“It is a juggler’s trick,” said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been 10 cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat.

The soldan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his saber, extended the weapon edge-ways in the air, and, drawing it suddenly through the 15 veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent, displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

“Now in good faith, my brother,” said Richard, “thou 20 art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous it were to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow, and what we cannot do by sleight we eke out by strength.”

brand: sword. This was a favorite word with Scott. — **Melech Ric**: the Eastern name for Richard. — **the Prophet**: Mohammed, the head of the Arabic Church. — **hedg’ing bill**: a heavy knife used in pruning hedges. — **soldan**: sultan. — **Excal’ibur**: the magic sword of King Arthur. — **Franks**: the inhabitants of western Europe. — **temper**: the condition of metal as regards hardness and elasticity. — **ex’quisite**: accurate, nice.

A CELLAR IN SIBERIA

GEORGE KENNAN

GEORGE KENNAN (1845—) is an American author, traveler, and lecturer. His fearless articles on Russia have attracted much attention.

The unexpected discovery late at night of a party of countrymen, when we had just given up all hope of shelter, and almost of life, was a godsend to our disheartened spirits, and I hardly knew in my excitement what I did. I remember now walking hastily back and forth in front of the snowdrift, repeating softly to myself at every step, “Thank God! thank God!” but at the time I was not conscious of anything except the great fact of our safety. . . .

There was no sound of life in the lonely snowdrift before us, and the inmates, if it had any, were evidently asleep. Seeing no sign anywhere of a door, I walked up on the drift, and shouted down through the stovepipe in tremendous tones, “Halloo the house!” A startled voice from under my feet demanded, “Who’s there?”

“Come out and see! Where’s the door?”

My voice seemed to the astounded Americans inside to come out of the stove,—a phenomenon which was utterly unparalleled in all their previous experience; but they reasoned very correctly that any stove which could ask in good English for the door, in the middle of the night, had

an indubitable right to be answered; and they replied in a hesitating and half-frightened tone that the door was "on the southeast corner."

This left us about as wise as before. In the first place, 5 we did not know which way southeast was, and in the second, a snowdrift could not properly be described as having a corner. I started around the stovepipe, however, in a circle, with the hope of finding some sort of an entrance. The inmates had dug a deep ditch or trench 10 about thirty feet in length for a doorway, and had covered it over with sticks and reindeer skins to keep out the drifting snow.

Stepping incautiously upon this frail roof, I fell through, just as one of the startled men was coming out, holding 15 a candle above his head, and peering through the darkness of the tunnel to see who would enter. The sudden descent through the roof of such an apparition as I knew myself to be, was not calculated to restore the steadiness of startled nerves.

I was dressed in heavy furs, which swelled out my 20 figure to gigantic proportions; two thick reindeer-skin hoods with long, frosty fringes of black bearskin were pulled up over my head, a squirrel-skin mask frozen into a sheet of ice concealed my face, and nothing but the 25 eyes peering out through tangled masses of frosty hair showed that the furs contained a human being.

The man took two or three frightened steps backward

and nearly dropped his candle. I came in such a "questionable shape" that he might well demand whether my intents were wicked or charitable! As I recognized his face, however, and addressed him again in English, he stopped; and tearing off my mask and fur hoods I spoke ⁵ my name.

Never was there such rejoicing as that which then took place in that little underground cellar, as I recognized in the exiled party two of my old comrades and friends, to whom eight months before I had bidden good-by as the ¹⁰ "Olga" sailed out of the Golden Gate of San Francisco.

I little thought, when I shook hands with Harder and Robinson then, that I should next meet them at night, in a little snow-covered cellar, on the great lonely steppes of the lower Anadir. ¹⁵

As soon as we had taken off our heavy furs and seated ourselves beside a warm fire, we began to feel the sudden reaction which necessarily followed twenty-four hours of such exposure, suffering, and anxiety. Our overstrained nerves gave way all at once, and in ten minutes I could ²⁰ hardly raise a cup of coffee to my lips.

Ashamed of such weakness, I tried to conceal it from the Americans, and I presume they do not know to this day that I nearly fainted several times within the first twenty minutes, from the suddenness of the change from ²⁵ fifty degrees below zero to seventy degrees above, and the nervous exhaustion produced by anxiety and lack of sleep.

This weakness, however, soon passed away, and we proceeded to relate to each other our respective histories and adventures, while our drivers huddled together in a mass at one end of the little hut and refreshed themselves with hot tea.

“**questionable shape**”: see “Hamlet,” Act I, Scene IV, lines 42 and 43.—**the Golden Gate**: the harbor of San Francisco.—**Anadir**: a river of Siberia.

THE RICHES OF THE COMMONWEALTH

JOHN G. WHITTIER

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

10 For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

15 Nor heeds the skeptic’s puny hands,
While near her school the church spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot’s rule,
While near her church spire stands the school.

MARCO BOZZARIS

HALLECK

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (1790-1867) was an American poet. His beautiful lines to the memory of Burns won high praise from William Cullen Bryant.

NOTE.—The heroic Greek chief, Marco Bozzaris, fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi in 1823. He died at the moment of victory, 5 and his last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain." This poem has been called the finest martial lyric in the English language.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent, 10
 Should tremble at his power;
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring, 15
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
 As wild his thoughts and gay of wing
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band, 20
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood
 On old Plataea's day :
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.



An hour passed on — the Turk awoke ;
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
 “To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek ! ”
 He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,

And death shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,

Bozzaris cheer his band :

“Strike — till the last armed foe expires,
 Strike — for your altars and your fires,
 Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
 God — and your native land !”

5

They fought — like brave men, long and well ;

They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
 They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,

10

Bleeding at every vein.

His few surviving comrades saw

His smile when rang their proud hurrah,

And the red field was won ;

15

Then saw in death his eyelids close

Calmly, as to a night’s repose,

Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !

Come to the mother’s, when she feels
 For the first time her first-born’s breath ;

20

Come when the blessed seals

Which close the pestilence are broke,

And crowded cities wail its stroke ;

Come in consumption’s ghastly form,

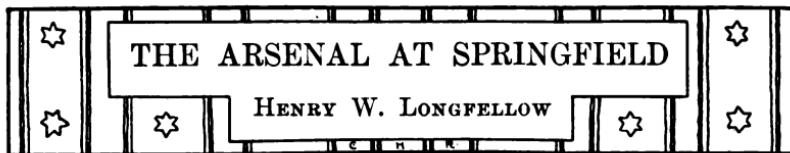
25

The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine,
 And thou art terrible : the tear,
 5 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 10 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 15 Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.

•
 We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's ;
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 20 That were not born to die.

Suliote band : men from Suli in Albania. Bozzaris was born at Suli.
 — Platæa's day : Laspi was on the site of the ancient Platæa, where the
 Persians were defeated, 479 B.C. — Mos'lem : followers of Mohammed ;
 Mussulmans. — storied brave : heroes celebrated in story.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882) was born at Portland, Maine. He was graduated from Bowdoin (bō'd'n) College, and at the age of twenty-one became professor of modern languages in the same college. Afterwards he held a similar position at Harvard. He is the most widely known of American poets.

5



This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
 Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
 But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
 Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary, 10
 When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
 The cries of agony, the endless groan,
 Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
 In long reverberations reach our own.

5 On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
 And loud, amid the universal clamor,
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
 10 Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents' skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
 The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
 15 The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage;
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
 The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
 And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
 20 The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
 With such accursed instruments as these,

Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error, 5
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain! 10

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals 15
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

Misere're: a psalm praying for mercy.—**Cim'bri**: belonging to the Cimbri, an ancient tribe inhabiting northern Germany.—**Az'tec**: the Aztecs were one of the early tribes of Mexico.—**teocal'lis**: temples, usually in the form of a pyramid. The meaning is *the house of God*.—**diapa'son**: full, deep tone.—**Cain**: see Genesis iv. 15.

THE YOUNG SAILOR

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr. (1815-1882), was an American lawyer. His book "Two Years before the Mast" was written from his own experience, and this one step in the path of literature was enough to make him famous. It was among the most popular books of the time.

5 The 14th of August was the day fixed upon for the sailing of the brig "Pilgrim" on her voyage from Boston, round Cape Horn, to the western coast of North America. As she was to get under way early in the afternoon, I made my appearance on board at twelve o'clock, in full
10 sea rig, with my chest, containing an outfit for the two or three years' voyage which I had undertaken from a determination to cure, if possible, by an entire change of life, a weakness of the eyes which no medical aid seemed likely to remedy.

15 The change from the tight frock coat, silk cap, and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Harvard to the loose trousers, checked shirt, and tarpaulin hat of a sailor, though somewhat of a transformation, was soon made; and I supposed that I should pass very well for a Jack
20 Tar. But it is impossible to deceive the practiced eye in these matters; and while I thought myself to be looking as salt as Neptune himself, I was, no doubt, known for a landsman by every one on board as soon as I hove in sight.

A sailor has a peculiar cut to his clothes, and a way of wearing them which a green hand can never get. The trousers, tight round the hips, and thence hanging long and loose round the feet, a low-crowned, well-varnished

black hat, worn 5
on the back of the
head, with half a
fathom of black
ribbon hanging
over the left eye, 10
and a slip tie to
the black silk
neckerchief, with
sundry other
minutiæ, are 15
signs the want
of which betrays
the beginner at
once. Besides the
points in my dress 20
which were out of
the way, doubt-



less my complexion and hands were quite enough to distinguish me from the regular salt, who, with a sunburnt cheek, wide step, and rolling gait, swings his bronzed 25 and toughened hands athwartships, half opened, as though just ready to grasp a rope.

“ With all my imperfections on my head,” I joined the crew, and we hauled out into the stream, and came to anchor for the night. The next day we were employed in preparation for sea, reeving studding-sail gear and 5 taking on board our powder. On the following night I stood my first watch.

I remained awake nearly all the first part of the night from fear that I might not hear when I was called; and when I went on deck so great were my ideas of the 10 importance of my trust that I walked regularly fore and aft the whole length of the vessel, looking out over the bows and taffrail at each turn, and was not a little surprised at the coolness of the old seaman whom I called to take my place, in stowing himself snugly away under 15 the long boat for a nap. That was a sufficient lookout, he thought, for a fine night, at anchor in a safe harbor.

The next morning was Saturday, and, a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a pilot on board, hove up our anchor, and began beating down the bay. 20 As we drew down into the lower harbor we found the wind ahead in the bay, and were obliged to come to anchor in the roads. We remained there through the day and a part of the night.

My watch began at eleven o'clock, and I received 25 orders to call the captain if the wind came out from the westward. About midnight the wind became fair, and, having summoned the captain, I was ordered to call all

hands. How I accomplished this I do not know, but I am quite sure that I did not give the true, hoarse boatswain call of "A-a-ll ha-a-a-nds! up anchor, a-ho-oy!" In a short time every one was in motion, the sails were loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor, which 5 was our last hold upon Yankee land. I could take but small part in these preparations. My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given, and so immediately executed; there was such a hurrying about, and such an intermingling of 10 strange cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered. There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life.

At length those peculiar, long-drawn sounds which denote that the crew are heaving at the windlass began, 15 and in a few minutes we were under way. The noise of the water thrown from the bows was heard, the vessel leaned over from the damp night breeze, and rolled with the heavy ground swell, and we had actually begun our long, long journey. This was literally bidding good night 20 to my native land.

"With all my imperfections on my head": see "Hamlet," Act I, Scene V, line 79.—reeving: slipping a rope through or around.—studding sail: a light extra sail set outside a square sail.—fore and aft: a nautical phrase meaning lengthwise of a vessel.—in the roads: a place at some distance from the shore where vessels may ride at anchor.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

THOMAS NELSON PAGE (1853—) is an American author and poet. His studies of the South have much literary merit.

NOTE.—This extract from a recent poem is full of power and significance and demands careful expression as well as study. Note the frequent 5 ellipsis of words which would be necessary in prose.

Thus spake to Man the thousand-throated Sea :
 Words which the stealing winds caught from its lips :
 Thou thinkest thee and thine, God's topmost crown.
 But hearken unto me and humbly learn
 10 How infinite thine insignificance.
 Thou boastest of thine age — thy works — thyself :
 Thine oldest monuments of which thou prat'st
 Were built but yesterday when measured by
 Yon snow-domed mountains of eternal rock :
 15 The Earth, thy mother, from whose breast thou draw'st
 The sweat-stained living which she wills to give,
 And in whose dust thine own must melt again,
 Was agèd cycles ere thine earliest dawn ;—
 But they to me are young : I gave them birth.
 20 Climb up those heaven-tipt peaks thy dizziest height,
 Thou there shalt read, graved deep, my name and age ;
 Dig down thy deepest depth, shalt read them still.
 Before the mountains sprang, before the Earth,

Thy cradle and thy tomb, was made, I was :
God called them forth from me, as thee from Earth.
Thou burrow'st through a mountain, here and there,
Work'st all thine engines, cutting off a speck;
I wash their rock-foundations under ; tear 5
Turret from turret, toppling thundering down,
And crush their mightiest fragments into sand :
Thou gravest with thy records slab and spar,
And callest them memorials of thy Might ;—
Lo! not a stone exists, from that black cliff 10
To that small pebble at thy foot, but bears
My signature graved there when Earth was young,
To teach the mighty wonders of the Deep.

.



HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND

HENRY TIMROD

HENRY TIMROD (1829-1867) was an American poet. He was a native of South Carolina and is perhaps the finest interpreter of the heroism and devotion of the South.

Hark to the shouting Wind !

5 Hark to the flying Rain !

And I care not though I never see
A bright blue sky again.

10 There are thoughts in my breast to-day
That are not for human speech ;
But I hear them in the driving storm,
And the roar upon the beach.

15 And oh, to be with that ship
That I watch through the blinding brine !
O Wind ! for thy sweep of land and sea !
O Sea ! for a voice like thine !

Shout on, thou pitiless Wind,
To the frightened and flying Rain !
I care not though I never see
A calm blue sky again.

THE SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND

JOHN FISKE

JOHN FISKE (1842-1901) was an American historian, famous not only for his learning but also for the courage and vigor of his thought.

In these times, when great steamers sail every day from European ports, bringing immigrants to a country not less advanced in material civilization than the country which they leave, the daily arrival of a thousand new citizens has come to be a commonplace event. 5

But in the seventeenth century the transfer of more than twenty thousand well-to-do people within twenty years from their comfortable homes in England to the 10 American wilderness was by no means a commonplace event. It reminds one of the migrations of ancient peoples, and in the quaint thought of our forefathers it was aptly likened to the exodus of Israel from the Egyptian house of bondage. 15

In this migration a principle of selection was at work which insured an extraordinary uniformity of character and of purpose among the settlers. To this uniformity of purpose, combined with complete homogeneity of race, is due the preponderance early acquired by New England 20 in the history of the American people.

In view of this, it is worth while to inquire what were the real aims of the settlers of New England. What was

the common purpose which brought these men together in their resolve to create for themselves new homes in the wilderness?

This is a point concerning which there has been a great deal of popular misapprehension, and there has been no end of nonsense talked about it. It has been customary first to assume that the Puritan migration was undertaken in the interests of religious liberty, and then to upbraid the Puritans for forgetting all about religious liberty as soon as people came among them who disagreed with their opinions. But this view of the case is not supported by history.

It is quite true that the Puritans were chargeable with gross intolerance; but it is not true that in this they were guilty of inconsistency. The notion that they came to New England for the purpose of establishing religious liberty, in any sense in which we should understand such a phrase, is entirely incorrect. It is neither more nor less than a bit of popular legend.

If we mean by the phrase "religious liberty" a state of things in which opposite or contradictory opinions on questions of religion shall exist side by side in the same community, and in which everybody shall decide for himself how far he will conform to the customary religious observances, nothing could have been further from their thoughts. There is nothing they would have regarded with more genuine abhorrence. If they could have been

forewarned by a prophetic voice of the general freedom — or, as they would have termed it, license — of thought and behavior which prevails in this country to-day, they would very likely have abandoned their enterprise in despair.

The philosophic student of history often has occasion 5 to see how God is wiser than man. In other words, he is often brought to realize how fortunate it is that the leaders in great historic events cannot foresee the remote results of the labors to which they have zealously consecrated their lives.

It is part of the irony of human destiny that the end we really accomplish by striving with might and main is apt to be something quite different from the end we dreamed of as we started on our arduous labor.

So it was with the Puritan settlers of New England. 15 The religious liberty that we enjoy to-day is largely the consequence of their work; but it is a consequence that was unforeseen, while the direct and conscious aim of their labors was something that has never been realized, and probably never will be.

10

20

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU

WALTER SCOTT

NOTE.—This selection is taken from "The Lady of the Lake," which is perhaps the most popular of Scott's poems. The poet says that he took unusual pains to verify each local circumstance of the story.

THE MEETING

The shades of eve come slowly down,
 5 The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
 The owl awakens from her dell,
 The fox is heard upon the fell;
 Enough remains of glimmering light
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
 10 Yet not enough from far to show
 His figure to the watchful foe.
 With cautious step and ear awake,
 He climbs the crag and threads the brake ;
 And not the summer solstice there
 15 Tempered the midnight mountain air,
 But every breeze that swept the wold
 Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
 In dread, in danger, and alone,
 Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
 20 Tangled and steep, he journeyed on ;
 Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
 A watch fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,
 Basked in his plaid a mountaineer;
 And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
 “Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!”
 “A stranger.” “What dost thou require?”
 “Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
 My life’s beset, my path is lost,
 The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.”



“Art thou a friend to Roderick?” “No.”
 “Thou dar’st not call thyself a foe?”
 “I dare! to him and all the band
 He brings to aid his murderous hand.”
 “Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
 The privilege of chase may claim,
 Though space and law the stag we lend,

5

10

15

Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,
 Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
 The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
 Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
 Who say thou cam'st a secret spy!"—
 5 "They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,
 And of his clan the boldest two,
 And let me but till morning rest,
 I write the falsehood on their crest."
 10 "If by the blaze I mark aright,
 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
 "Then by these tokens may'st thou know
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."
 "Enough, enough; sit down and share
 15 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
 The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
 Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
 And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
 20 He tended him like welcome guest,
 Then thus his further speech addressed:—
 "Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
 A clansman born, a kinsman true;
 Each word against his honor spoke
 25 Demands of me avenging stroke;
 Yet more, upon thy fate, 't is said,

A mighty augury is laid.
 It rests with me to wind my horn,—
 Thou art with numbers overborne;
 It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
 Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand: 5
 But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
 Will I depart from honor's laws;
 To assail a wearied man were shame,
 And stranger is a holy name;
 Guidance and rest, and food and fire, 10
 In vain he never must require.
 Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
 Myself will guide thee on the way,
 O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
 Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard, 15
 As far as Coilantogle's ford;
 From thence thy warrant is thy sword.”
 “I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
 As freely as 't is nobly given!”
 “Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry 20
 Sings us the lake's wild lullaby.”
 With that he shook the gathered heath,
 And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
 And the brave foemen, side by side,
 Lay peaceful down like brothers tried, 25
 And slept until the dawning beam
 Purpled the mountain and the stream.

RODERICK DHU

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
 When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
 It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
 And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
 And lights the fearful path on mountain side;—
 Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
 Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
 Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
 Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow
 of War.

10 That early beam, so fair and sheen,
 Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
 When, rousing at its glimmer red,
 The warriors left their lowly bed,
 Looked out upon the dappled sky,
 15 Muttered their soldier matins by,
 And then awaked their fire, to steal,
 As short and rude, their soldier meal.
 That o'er, the Gael around him threw
 His graceful plaid of varied hue,
 20 And, true to promise, led the way,
 By thicket green and mountain gray.
 A wildering path!—they winded now
 Along the precipice's brow,
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,

The windings of the Forth and Teith,
 And all the vales between that lie,
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
 Gained not the length of horseman's lance. 5
 At length they came where, stern and steep,
 The hill sinks down upon the deep.

Here Vennachar in silver flows,
 There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose ;
 Ever the hollow path twined on,
 Beneath steep bank and threatening stone ;
 A hundred men might hold the post
 With hardihood against a host. 10

The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
 With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
 And patches bright of bracken green,
 And heather black, that waved so high,
 It held the copse in rivalry. 15

But where the lake slept deep and still,
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill ;
 And oft both path and hill were torn,
 Where wintry torrent down had borne,
 And heaped upon the cumbered land
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand. 20
 So toilsome was the road to trace,
 The guide, abating of his pace,

Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
 And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
 He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

5 “Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
 Hangs in my belt and by my side ;
 Yet, sooth to tell,” the Saxon said,
 “ I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
 When here, but three days since, I came,
 10 Bewildered in pursuit of game,
 All seemed as peaceful and as still
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill ;
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
 Nor soon expected back from war.
 15 Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
 Though deep perchance the villain lied.”
 “ Yet why a second venture try ? ”
 “ A warrior thou, and ask me why ! —
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause .
 20 As gives the poor mechanic laws ?
 Enough, I sought to drive away
 The lazy hours of peaceful day ;
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide, —
 25 A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
 The merry glance of mountain maid ;
 Or, if a path be dangerous known,

The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—

Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,

Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,

Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"

5

"No, by my word;—of bands prepared

To guard King James's sports I heard;

Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear

This muster of the mountaineer,

Their pennons will abroad be flung,

10

Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."

"Free be they flung! for we were loath

Their silken folds should feast the moth.

Free be they flung!—as free shall wave

Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.

15

But, stranger, peaceful since you came,

Bewildered in the mountain game,

Whence the bold boast by which you show

Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"

"Warrior, but yester-morn I knew

20

Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,

Save as an outlawed, desperate man,

The chief of a rebellious clan,

Who, in the Regent's court and sight,

With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;

25

Yet this alone might from his part

Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
 Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
 A space he paused, then sternly said,
 "And heard'st thou why he drew his blade ?
 Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
 Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe ?
 What recked the Chieftain if he stood
 On Highland heath or Holy-Rood ?
 He rights such wrong where it is given,
 If it were in the court of heaven."
 "Still was it outrage ;— yet, 't is true,
 Not then claimed sovereignty his due ;
 While Albany with feeble hand
 Held borrowed truncheon of command,
 The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
 Was stranger to respect and power.
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life !—
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
 Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
 His herds and harvest reared in vain,—
 Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
 The spoils from such foul foray borne."

5

10

15

20

25

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
 And answered with disdainful smile :
 "Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
 I marked thee send delighted eye



Far to the south and east, where lay,
 Extended in succession gay,
 Deep waving fields and pastures green,
 With gentle slopes and groves between;
 5 These fertile plains, that softened vale,
 Were once the birthright of the Gael;
 The stranger came with iron hand,
 And from our fathers reft the land.
 Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell
 10 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
 Ask we this savage hill we tread
 For fattened steer or household bread,
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
 And well the mountain might reply,—
 15 'To you, as to your sires of yore,
 Belong the target and claymore!
 I give you shelter in my breast,
 Your own good blades must win the rest.'
 Pent in this fortress of the North,
 20 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,
 And from the robber rend the prey?
 Ay, by my soul! — While on yon plain
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain,
 25 While of ten thousand herds there strays
 But one along yon river's maze,—
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,

Shall with strong hand redeem his share.
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
 That plundering Lowland field and fold
 Is aught but retribution true ?
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.'

5

Answered Fitz-James : " And, if I sought,
 Think'st thou no other could be brought ?
 What deem ye of my path waylaid ?
 My life given o'er to ambuscade ? "

" As of a meed to rashness due :
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
 I seek my hound or falcon strayed,
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
 Free hadst thou been to come and go ;
 But secret path marks secret foe.

10

Nor yet for this, even as a spy,
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
 Save to fulfill an augury."

15

" Well, let it pass ; nor will I now
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
 Enough, I am by promise tied
 To match me with this man of pride :
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
 In peace ; but when I come again,
 I come with banner, brand, and bow,

20

25

As leader seeks his mortal foe.
 For lovelorn swain in lady's bower
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
 As I, until before me stand
 5 This rebel Chieftain and his band!"

"Have then thy wish!" — He whistled shrill,
 And he was answered from the hill ;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,
 From crag to crag the signal flew.
 10 Instant, through copse and heath, arose
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;
 From shingles gray their lances start,
 15 The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
 The rushes and the willow wand
 Are bristling into ax and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior armed for strife.
 20 That whistle garrisoned the glen
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 25 All silent there they stood, and still.
 Like the loose crags whose threatening mass

Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 With step and weapon forward flung,
 Upon the mountain side they hung.
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James : " How say'st thou now ?
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;
 And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu ! "

5

10

15

Fitz-James was brave : — though to his heart
 The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
 He manned himself with dauntless air,
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before : —
 " Come one, come all ! This rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I . "

Sir Roderick marked, — and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foeman worthy of their steel.

20

Short space he stood — then waved his hand :
 Down sunk the disappearing band ;
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,

25

In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
 In osiers pale and copses low ;
 It seemed as if their mother Earth
 5 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
 The wind's last breath had tossed in air
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
 The next but swept a lone hillside,
 Where heath and fern were waving wide ;
 10 The sun's last glance was glinted back
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
 The next, all unreflected, shone
 On bracken green and cold gray stone.

fell: a rocky hill. — summer solstice: the heat of midsummer. — plaid: the Scotch pronunciation is *played*, as will be seen elsewhere by the rhyme. — slip: let slip from the noose in which a hunting dog is held. — a mighty au'gury: this refers to the prophecy of the Taghairm, Canto IV, line 60. — Roderick Dhu: Roderick the Black. — brand: a sword. — Clan-Alpine: the family or race of Alpine. — sheen: shining. — the Gael: the Gaul. The Highlanders call themselves Gauls, and term the Lowlanders Saxons. — wildering: bewildering. — Forth and Teith: two “rivers of Scotland.” — Stirling: the royal castle. — Ven'nachar: this “Lake of the Fair Valley” is about five miles long. — Benledi (benla'dy): a mountain nearly three thousand feet high. — sooth: truth. — Mar: the Earl of Mar. — Doune: an old castle on the Teith. — pine: Roderick's banner bore a pine. — Vich-Al'pine: one of Roderick's names, meaning the descendant of Alpine. — the Regent: the Duke of Albany, a cousin of the king. — Holy-Rood: the palace of Holyrood. — mewed: shut up. — reft: took away. — shingles: gravel and pebbles. — target and claymore: a leather-covered shield and a large sword. — meed: reward. — bonnets: Scotch caps. — warlike birth: this refers to the story of Cadmus. See “The Dragon's Teeth” in Hawthorne's “Tanglewood Tales.” — glaive: a broad sword. — targe: target or shield. — jack: a leather jacket with iron plates.

WALKING IN THE OPEN AIR

JOHN BURROUGHS

JOHN BURROUGHS, an American writer, was born in 1837. He is a careful observer of out-of-door life, and his books are full of interest to those who share his tastes.

The human body is a steed that goes freest and longest under a light rider, and the lightest of all riders is a cheerful heart. Your sad, or morose, or embittered, or preoccupied heart settles heavily into the saddle, and the poor beast, the body, breaks down the first mile. 5

Next to that, the most burdensome to the walker is a heart not in perfect sympathy and accord with the body, 10 — a reluctant or unwilling heart. The horse and rider must not only both be willing to go the same way, but the rider must lead the way and infuse his own lightness and eagerness into the steed. Herein is no doubt our trouble, and one reason of the decay of the noble art in this 15 country. We are unwilling walkers. We are not innocent and simple-hearted enough to enjoy a walk.

It cannot be said that as a people we are so positively sad, or morose, or melancholic, as that we are vacant of that sportiveness and surplusage of animal spirits that 20 characterized our ancestors, and that spring from full and harmonious life,—a sound heart in accord with a sound body. A man must invest himself near at hand

and in common things, and be content with a steady and moderate return, if he would know the blessedness of a cheerful heart and the sweetness of a walk over the round earth. We crave the astonishing, the exciting, the far away, and do not know the highways of the gods when we see them,—always a sign of the decay of the faith and simplicity of man.

Your pedestrian is always cheerful, alert, refreshed, with his heart in his hand and his hand free to all. He looks down upon nobody ; he is on the common level. His pores are all open, his circulation is active, his digestion is good. His heart is not cold, nor his faculties asleep. He is the only real traveler ; he alone tastes the “gay, fresh sentiment of the road.” He is not isolated, but one with things, with the farms and industries on either hand.

The vital, universal currents play through him. He knows the ground is alive ; he feels the pulses of the wind, and reads the mute language of things. His sympathies are all aroused ; his senses are continually reporting messages to his mind. Wind, frost, rain, heat, cold are something to him. He is not merely a spectator of the panorama of nature, but a participator in it. He experiences the country he passes through,—tastes it, feels it, absorbs it ; the traveler in his fine carriage sees it, merely.

This gives the fresh charm to that class of books that may be called “Views Afoot,” and to the narratives of

hunters, naturalists, exploring parties, etc. The walker does not need a large territory. When you get into a railway car you want a continent; the man in his carriage requires a township; but a walker like Thoreau finds as much and more along the shores of Walden Pond. The 5 former, as it were, has merely time to glance at the



headings of the chapters, while the latter need not miss a line, and Thoreau reads between the lines.

Then the walker has the privilege of the fields, the woods, the hills, the byways. The apples by the road- 10 side are for him, and the berries, and the spring of water, and the friendly shelter; and if the weather is cold, he eats the frost grapes and the persimmons, or even the

white-meated turnip, snatched from the field he passed through, with incredible relish.

Afoot and in the open road, one has a fair start in life at last. There is no hindrance now. Let him put his best foot forward. He is on the broadest human plane. This is on the level of all the great laws and heroic deeds. From this platform he is eligible to any good fortune. He was sighing for the golden age; let him walk to it. Every step brings him nearer. The youth of the world is but a few days' journey distant.

Indeed, I know persons who think they have walked back to that fresh aforetime of a single bright Sunday in autumn or early spring. Before noon they felt its airs upon their cheeks, and by nightfall, on the banks of some quiet stream, or along some path in the wood, or on some hilltop, they aver they have heard the voices and felt the wonder and the mystery that so enchanted the early races of men.

I do not think I exaggerate the importance or the charms of pedestrianism, or our need as a people to cultivate the art. I think it would tend to soften the national manners, to teach us the meaning of leisure, to acquaint us with the charms of the open air, to strengthen and foster the tie between the race and the land. No one else looks out upon the world so kindly and charitably as the pedestrian; no one else gives and takes so much from the country he passes through. Next to the laborer

in the fields, the walker holds the closest relation to the soil ; and he holds a closer and more vital relation to nature because he is freer and his mind more at leisure.

Man takes root at his feet, and at best he is no more than a potted plant in his house or carriage till he has established communication with the soil by the loving and magnetic touch of his soles to it. Then the tie of association is born; then spring those invisible fibers and rootlets through which character comes to smack of the soil, and which make a man kindred to the spot of earth he inhabits.

The roads and paths you have walked along in summer and winter weather, the fields and hills you have looked upon in lightness and gladness of heart, where fresh thoughts have come into your mind, or some noble prospect has opened before you, and especially the quiet ways where you have walked in sweet converse with your friend, pausing under the trees, drinking at the spring,—henceforth they are not the same ; a new charm is added ; these thoughts spring there perennial, your friend walks there forever.

“ *gay, fresh sentiment of the road* ”: from Whitman’s poem on “ *The Open Road*.” — **Thoreau**: a great lover of nature who lived for a while on the shores of Walden Pond in the woods of Concord, Mass. He was one of Emerson’s friends. — **persimmons**: fruit like plums, found in many sections of this country. — **golden age**: a fabled period of simple happiness in the early history of the world. — **smack of**: show association with. — **con’verse**: familiar talk. In this, as in many similar cases, the noun takes the accent on the first syllable, while in the verb the accent is thrown upon the last.

THE BURIAL OF GRANT

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

RICHARD WATSON GILDER is an American poet who has had a keen interest in artistic, literary, and social progress. He has been for many years editor of the *Century Magazine*.

NOTE.—This poem was written on the occasion of General Grant's funeral, August 8, 1885. Grant's burial place is at Riverside Park, New York City, on the bank of the Hudson River.

Ye living soldiers of the mighty war,
 Once more from roaring cannon, and the drums,
 And bugles blown at morn the summons comes ;

10 Forget the halting limb, each wound and scar :
 Once more your Captain calls to you ;
 Come to his last review !

And come ye, too, bright spirits of the dead,
 Ye who flamed heavenward from the embattled field ;

15 And ye whose harder fate it was to yield
 Life from the loathful prison or anguished bed ;
 Dear ghosts ! come join your comrades here
 Beside this sacred bier.

Nor be ye absent, ye immortal band,—

20 Warriors of ages past, and our own age,—
 Who drew the sword for right, and not in rage,
 Made war that peace might live in all the land,

Nor ever struck one vengeful blow,
But helped the fallen foe.

And fail not ye, — but, ah, ye falter not
To join his army of the dead and living, —
Ye who once felt his might, and his forgiving ;
Brothers, whom more in love than hate he smote. 5
For all his countrymen make room
By our great hero's tomb

Come soldiers, — not to battle as of yore,
But come to weep ; ay, shed your noblest tears ; 10
For lo, the stubborn chief, who knew not fears,
Lies cold at last, ye shall not see him more.
How long grim Death he fought and well,
That poor, lean frame doth tell.

All 's over now ; here let our Captain rest,
Silent amid the blare of praise and blame ;
Here let him rest, while never rests his fame ;
Here in the city's heart he loved the best,
And where our sons his tomb may see
To make them brave as he ; — 15

As brave as he — he on whose iron arm
Our Greatest leaned, our gentlest and most wise ;
Leaned when all other help seemed mocking lies,
While this one soldier checked the tide of harm,
And they together saved the state, 20
And made it free and great.

WATERLOO

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863) was born in India. He became one of the greatest of English novelists. He studied law in London and afterwards went to Paris and studied art, but finally chose literature as his profession. Among his famous novels are "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," and "Henry Esmond." An American critic, on being asked which of these he liked best, replied, "The one I read last." Thackeray also wrote some verse.

NOTE.—The battle of Waterloo was fought near Waterloo, Belgium, on the 18th of June, 1815, between Napoleon's French troops on one side and the English and Prussians on the other. Napoleon was conquered. Afterwards he was banished to the island of St. Helena.

We of peaceful London City have never beheld — and please God shall never witness — such a scene of hurry and alarm as that which Brussels presented. All that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased 15 to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth ; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was 20 won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action.

Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation ; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part,

should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we 5 Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the devil's code of honor.

All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were 10 receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were plowing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Toward evening the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its 15 fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset.

It came at last; the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had 20 maintained all day and spite of all; unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line, the dark, rolling column pressed on and up the hill.

It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began 25 to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then, at last, the English troops rushed from the

post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels,—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city.

the Imperial Guard: a body of soldiers chosen by Napoleon as his body-guard.—**Saint Jean** (sān zhān): the name given by the French to this battle. The English call it Waterloo, from a village four miles away, where Wellington wrote of his victory. See note on Wellington, page 126.

THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO

LORD BYRON

NOTE.—“There never was,” says Thackeray, “since the days of Darius, such a brilliant train of camp followers as hung round the train of the Duke of Wellington’s army in the Low Countries, in 1815; and led it, dancing and feasting, as it were, up to the very brink of battle.

10 A certain ball which a noble duchess gave at Brussels on the 15th of June in the above-named year is historical.” The battle which followed the next day is known as that of Quatre Bras; it occurred forty-eight hours before the battle of Waterloo. On the 16th also was fought the battle of Ligny, Napoleon’s last victory.

15 There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium’s capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o’er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
20 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!



Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
 But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 5 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 10 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 15 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 20 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 25 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war:
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar; 5
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come!
 they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose! 10
 The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard; and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers 15
 With the fierce native daring which instills
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass, 20
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,— alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
 Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow

In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,

5 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife;
 The morn, the marshaling in arms; the day,
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunderclouds close o'er it, which when rent
 10 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent!

Duke of Wellington: a famous English general, who with the aid of the Prussian general, Blücher, conquered Napoleon at Waterloo. While one division of the French army was fighting the English at Quatre Bras, the other, under Napoleon, defeated the Prussians at Ligny; but the union of the English and the Prussian forces at Waterloo proved too powerful for Napoleon's army.—**car**: a small vehicle on two wheels. What is now called a car in America was then, of course, unknown. At the present time the word is not used in England to designate a railway conveyance.—**Brunswick's fated chieftain**: Friedrich Wilhelm, Duke of Brunswick, who was killed in the battle of Quatre Bras, was the son of Duke Ferdinand, who was killed by the French at Jena in 1806.—“**Cameron's Gathering**”: the thrilling call to arms of the Highland soldiery. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, known as the “gentle Lochiel,” was a famous Scottish chieftain. See Campbell's spirited poem, “*Lochiel's Warning*.”—**Albyn**: the poetical form of the word Albion, the ancient name for northern Scotland.—**pibroch** (pibroch): a martial air, usually played upon the bagpipes. The Scottish piper played a pibroch before the troops went into battle.—**Evan's fame**: Evan Cameron was another Lochiel, known as the “Ulysses of the Highlands.”—**Ardennes** (är-dēn'): the forest of Ardennes. See note on Arden (page 181, “*In the Forest*”).

THE MORAL RIGHTS OF ANIMALS

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM GRAY

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM GRAY (1830-1901) was an American writer and editor.

The evidences that the lower animals are thinkers, that they are endowed with intellectual faculties, are too many and too obvious to require argument. Do they possess 5 moral natures? The phenomena of moral existence are love, benevolence, gratitude, fidelity; with their opposites, —hatred, revenge, cruelty, malice, and such complex passions as grief, remorse, shame, hope, and despair. Most of these phenomena are as obvious to the casual observer 10 in the lower animals as they are in man; while all are perceived by those who are more interested in the study of the habits and characters of our humble friends.

Suffice it to refer, in a general way, to the unmistakable indications of a sense of guilt and shame; of forbearance 15 and magnanimity; of chivalrous defense of the weak; of generosity to each other and to man; of integrity in the discharge of their trusts; to their long remembrance of and disposition to avenge ill-treatment which they have received, and to reward kindness by confidence, affection, 20 and service; their grief over the loss of human friends, so poignant as in some instances to result in death; their pride, love of admiration, delight at approbation from

each other and from man; their clear ideas of a right of property in their homes.

The moral faculties of the lower animals voice themselves in language and tones as nearly identified with the language and tones of man as the physical conformation of the organs of speech will permit. Anger, defiance, alarm, fear, affection, sorrow, pain, joy, exultation, triumph, derision are heard in all their modulations in the voices and modes of expression of birds and quadrupeds,— language well understood by man, and better understood among the several tribes, each of which speaks an idiom of its own.

Most of the passions and emotions named are also expressed in the soft beaming or the flash of the eye, the pose of the body, the exhibition of weapons, the tremors of the muscles, the lofty, suppliant, or shamed carriage of the head.

When we see a dog, himself hungry, carry food safely to his master, or die bravely in the master's defense, how shall we escape the conviction that noble moral qualities are present in the phenomena? Indeed, the companionship and mutual esteem between man on the one side and the dog, horse, or elephant on the other, can only be accounted for by the fact of the presence of a moral nature in each in sympathy with that of the other.

.

Recognition of the facts in regard to the minds and sensibilities of the lower animals is necessary to enlightened morality, even if we take only the selfish view of its effects upon men's conduct in dealing with each other. The old apothegm that a merciful man is merciful to his beast is a principle of general application. It applies to the whole code. The teaching of metaphysical theorists and dogmaticians is responsible for no end of cruelty to beings which are subject not only to physical pain but to all the varieties of mental suffering of which man is capable.¹⁰ They die of homesickness. They experience depression and despair. They find exit from an intolerable life by suicide. They have a keen sense of wrong done to them, and some of them seek satisfaction in revenge. They are possessed of domestic virtues, and of affection for one another and for their young.¹⁵

“Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
 To thee, thou wedding guest;
 He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

20

“He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear Lord, who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.”

Abridged.

Farewell, etc.: The lines quoted are from Coleridge's “Ancient Mariner.”



IN THE FOREST

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, one of the greatest dramatic poets that ever lived, was born at Stratford, England, in 1564. He was an actor as well as a writer of plays. Many of his stories were frankly taken from other writers, but the beauty and power of his plays are all his own. A great German critic said of him, "Never was there such a wide talent for the 5 drawing of character as Shakespeare's." This king of poets died in 1616. Among his greatest plays are "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Julius Cæsar," and "Romeo and Juliet."

NOTE.—This selection is taken from one of the most charming of Shakespeare's plays, "As You Like It." The scene is laid in France in 10 the forest of Arden (Ardennes), but undoubtedly Shakespeare describes the English forest of Arden, which was near his own home.

A duke whose rights have been usurped by his brother is living in exile in the forest of Arden. With him are two lords, Amiens and Jaques, and a few other noblemen.

15

[Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and other LORDS, in the dress of foresters.]

Duke Senior. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say

20

“ This is no flattery : these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.”
Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
5 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
10 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
15 Should in their own confines with forkèd heads
Have their round haunches gored.

20 To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
25 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,

Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
 / That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques ?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping into the needless stream ;
 "Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much": then, being there alone, 15
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
 "'T is right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
 The flux of company": anon a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
 And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques,
 "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'T is just the fashion: wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we

Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
 To fright the animals and to kill them up
 In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

5 *Second Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

Jaques (jäc'wes): two syllables are demanded by the meter. — a precious jewel: it was believed for a long time that the toad carried in his head a stone possessed of magical power. — kill us venison: kill venison for ourselves. — irks: vexes. — burghers: citizens. — Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out: notice how Shakespeare in a single line describes an oak of many centuries' growth. — the needless stream: the stream which needed no more. — testament: will. — left and abandoned of: in Shakespeare's time *of* was sometimes used for *by*. — velvet: delicate. *Velvet* is the name given to the outer covering of the horns of a stag in the early stages of their growth. — cope him: encounter him. — matter: good sense. straight: straightway, immediately. See Act III, Scene V, line 142, of this same play, "I'll write it straight"; and also "Hamlet," Act V, Scene I, line 4, "therefore make her grave straight."

THE FIRST FOURTH-OF-JULY CELEBRATION¹

JOHN BACH McMASTER

JOHN BACH McMASTER (1852—) is an American historian.

Philadelphia was the first large city to receive the news [of the adoption of the Constitution], and there the popular rejoicings put on a more impressive form. It was instantly determined that the coming 4th of July should be made the occasion for a great display of Federal spirit. . . .

Not a moment was wasted, and by the night of the 3d all was ready. The pavements had been swept, the trees had been lopped. Ten ships had been procured, 10 dressed in bunting and anchored in the Delaware, one at the foot of every street from North Liberties to South Street. They were typical of the ten ratifying states.

As the first rays of the morning sun came over the eastern bank of the Delaware, the ship *Rising Sun*, which 15 lay at the foot of Market Street, fired a national salute, the bells of Christ Church rang out, and each of the ten vessels on the river ran up to her masthead a broad white flag which, spread by a stiff breeze from the south, displayed the name of the commonwealth for which she stood. 20

¹ From "A History of the People of the United States." Copyrighted, 1883, by D. Appleton & Co.

Meanwhile the procession was fast forming in the city, but the sun had been four hours up before it began to move. Every trade, every business, every occupation of life was represented. There were saddlers and gunsmiths, stone cutters, tanners, brewers, merchants, doctors, shipwrights, and stocking makers.

The cordwainers sent a miniature shop. The rope makers marched each with a bunch of hemp and a piece of rope in his hand. The Manufacturers' Society delighted 10 the crowd with the spectacle of a huge wagon drawn by ten horses and neatly covered with cotton cloth of their own make. On the wagon were a lace loom, a printing mill, a carding and a spinning jenny of eighty spindles.

Compared with the cunningly and exquisitely wrought 15 machines now to be found in the mills and factories of New England, they would seem rude and ill-formed. But they were among the newest inventions of the age, and were looked on by our ancestors as marvels of mechanical ingenuity. There, too, were represented in succession, 20 Independence, the French Alliance, the Definitive Treaty, the Convention of the States, and the Federal Roof,—a huge dome supported by thirteen Corinthian columns.

But the cheering was never so loud as when the Federal ship Union came in sight. She had, it was whispered 25 among the crowd, been built in four days. Her bottom was the barge of the ship Alliance, and was the same that had once belonged to the Serapis, and had been taken in

the memorable fight by Paul Jones. She mounted twenty guns, and had upon her deck four small boys, who performed all the duties of a crew, set sail, took a pilot on board, trimmed the sheets to suit the breeze, threw out



the lead, cast anchor at Union Green, and sent off 5
dispatches to the President of the United States.

When the end of the procession had passed Union Green, Wilson gave the address. Hopkinson wrote the ode, which, printed in English and German, was scattered among the people and sent off on the wings of carrier 10 pigeons to the ten ratifying states. That night the

streets of the city were bright with bonfires and noisy with the shouts of revelers.

But the rejoicings did not end with the day. For months afterward the newspapers gave unmistakable evidence of the pleasure with which the great mass of the people contemplated the new plan. The word "Federal" became more popular than ever. It was given by town committees as a name to streets in numberless towns, and was used as a catchword by tradesmen and shopkeepers.

10 In the shipping news appeared notices that the sloop Anarchy, when last heard from, was ashore on Union Rocks; that the scow Old Confederation—Imbecility, master—had gone to sea; and that on the same day the stanch ship Federal Constitution, with Public Credit,
 15 Commercial Prosperity, and National Energy on board, had reached her haven in safety.

Abridged.

Federal: those who upheld the constitution were known as Federalists. Others among the patriotic leaders, who were afraid of centralizing the power of the new government, were known as Anti-Federalists.—**cordwainers**: workers in cordovan leather; shoemakers.—**jenny**: a machine used in manufactories.—**the Definitive Treaty**: a treaty between Great Britain and the United States, signed at Paris, September 3, 1783. The Revolution was virtually ended in 1781.—**Corinthian**: a form of Greek architecture having much ornament.—**the "Alliance"**: an American frigate, commanded by a Frenchman during the battle with the "Serapis." Instead of aiding Paul Jones, the "Alliance" fired indiscriminately. When the battle was over, Jones took command of her and returned to France.—**the "Serapis"**: a British frigate, captured off the English coast in 1779, by Paul Jones.—**the lead**: used to take soundings.—**trimmed the sheets**: adjusted the ropes.—**Wilson**: James Wilson of Pennsylvania, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.—**Hopkinson**: an American author and patriot. His son, years later, wrote "Hail Columbia."

CAROLINA

HENRY TIMROD

Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold
 Broad rivers wind their devious ways ;
 A hundred isles in their embraces fold
 A hundred luminous bays ;
 And through yon purple haze 5
 Vast mountains lift their plumèd peaks cloud-crowned ;
 And, save where up their sides the plowman creeps,
 An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,
 In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps !
 Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze 10
 Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth !
 Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
 Above it, as to light a favorite hearth !
 Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the west
 See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers ! 15
 And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
 Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers !
 Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
 And tell the world that, since the world began,
 No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays, 20
 Or given a home to man !

From "The Cotton Boll."

CLOUDS

WILSON FLAGG

WILSON FLAGG (1805-1884) was an American author whose books are mainly studies of New England country life.

NOTE. — This selection is taken from "Halcyon Days."

It is not difficult to understand that if the sun rose
5 clearly into the blue heavens without any changes except from darkness to light, through all the degrees of twilight, the charms of the morning would be greatly diminished. But Nature, that all hearts might be enamored of the morn, has wreathed her temples with dappled crimson, 10 and animated her countenance with those milder glories that so well become the fair daughter of the dawn and the gentle mother of dews.

In ancient fable, Aurora is a beautiful nymph who blushes when she first enters into the presence of Day, 15 and the clouds are the fabric with which she veils her features at his approach. But a young person of sensibility needs no such allegory to inspire him with a sense of the incomparable beauty and grandeur of the orient at break of day. It is associated with some of the happiest 20 moments of his life; and the exhilarated feelings with which we look upon the dayspring in the east are probably one cause of the tonic and healthful influence of early rising.

The forms of clouds are not less beautiful or expressive than their colors. While their outlines are sufficiently definite for picturesque effects, they often assume a great uniformity in their aggregations. The frostwork on our window panes on cold winter mornings exhibits no greater 5 variety of figures than that assumed by the clouds in their distribution over the heavens.

Beginning in the form of vapor that rolls its fleecy masses slowly over the plain, resembling at a distance sometimes a smooth sheet of water, and at other times a 10 drifted snow bank, the cloud divides itself as it ascends, into globular heaps that reflect the sunlight from a thousand silvery domes.

These, after gradually dissolving, reappear in a host of finely mottled images resembling the scales of a fish, then 15 marshal themselves into undulating rows like the waves of the sea, and are lastly metamorphosed into a thin, gauzy fabric like crumpled muslin, or in a long drapery of hairlike fringe overspreading the higher regions of the atmosphere. 20

As the most delightful views of ocean are attained when a small part of it is seen through a green recess in a wood, for the same cause the blue sky is never so beautiful as when seen through the openings in the clouds. The emotion produced by any scene is the more intense when the 25 greater part of the object that causes it is hidden, leaving room for the entrance of pleasant images into the mind.

Clouds are peculiarly suggestive on account of the ambiguity of their shapes and their constant changes. Nothing, indeed, in nature so closely resembles the mysterious operations of thought, ever ceaseless in their motions 5 and ever varying in their combinations, — now passing from a shapeless heap into a finely marshaled band; then dissolving into the pellucid atmosphere as a series of thoughts will pass away from our memory; then slowly forming themselves again and recombining in a still more 10 beautiful and dazzling congeries in another part of the sky; now gloomy, changeable, and formless, then assuming a definite shape and glowing with light and beauty; lastly fading into darkness when the sun departs, as the mind for a short period is obliterated in sleep.

15 It is remarkable that in the evening, after the hues of sunset have faded to a certain point, the clouds are sometimes reilluminated before darkness comes on. Before the sun declines, the clouds are grayish tipped with silver. As he recedes, the gray portion becomes brown or auburn, 20 and the silvery edges of a yellow or golden hue. While the auburn is resolved into purple, the yellows deepen into vermillion and orange. Every tint is constantly changing into a deeper one, until the sky is decorated with every imaginable tint except green and blue. When 25 these colors have attained their greatest splendor, they gradually fade until the mass of each cloud has turned to a dull iron-gray and every beautiful tint has vanished.

We might then suppose that all this glory had faded. After a few minutes, however, the clouds begin once more to brighten; the whole scene is gradually reilluminated, and passes through another equally regular gradation of more somber tints, consisting of olive, lilac, and bronze, ⁵ and their intermediate shades. The second illumination is neither so bright nor so beautiful as the first. But I have known the light that was shed upon the earth to be sensibly increased for a few moments by this second gradation of hues, without any diminution of the mass of cloud. ¹⁰

Men of the world may praise the effects of certain medical excitants that serve, by benumbing the outward senses, to exalt the soul into reveries of bliss and untried exercises of thought. But the only divine exhilaration proceeds from contemplating the beautiful and sublime ¹⁵ scenes of nature as beheld on the face of the earth and the sky. It is under this vast canopy of celestial splendors, more than in any other situation, that the faculties may become inspired without madness and exalted without subsequent depression. ²⁰

The blue heavens are the page whereon nature has revealed some pleasant intimations of the mysteries of a more spiritual existence; and no vision of heaven and immortality ever entered the human soul but the Deity responded to it upon the firmament in letters of gold, ²⁵ ruby, and sapphire.

ambigu'ity: uncertainty.—**pellu'cid:** clear.—**congeries** (cōn-jē'ri-ēz): a heap.

CASSIUS TO BRUTUS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

NOTE.—This selection is from the play “Julius Cæsar.” Cassius is trying to stir the vanity and envy of Brutus so that he may persuade him to join the conspiracy to kill Cæsar. See note on page 258.

Well, honor is the subject of my story.
 5 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
 10 We both have fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the winter’s cold as well as he:
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, “Dar’st thou, Cassius, now
 15 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?” Upon the word,
 Accoutered as I was, I plungèd in
 And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
 The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
 20 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Cæsar cried, “Help me, Cassius, or I sink!”

I, as *Æneas*, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature and must bend his body,

5



If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake: 10
 His coward lips did from their color fly,
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world

10

Did lose his luster : I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"

5 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world
 And bear the palm alone. . . .

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

10 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 15 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar : what should be in that " Cæsar " ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;

20 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !

25 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man ?

When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man ?

Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say, 5
There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

chafing with: lashing the shore as if angry.—**hearts of controversy**: hearts ready to fight against the strength of the river.—**arrive**: arrive at. In Shakespeare's time the preposition was frequently omitted, as “depart the city.”—**Æneas**: the son of Anchises. At the burning of Troy Æneas carried off his father upon his shoulders. See the selection, “The Flight of Æneas,” Book Six, page 183.—**from their color fly**: become white. The allusion is to cowardly soldiers fleeing from their colors.—**his luster**: its luster. The neuter possessive pronoun was rarely used in Shakespeare's day.—**temper**: temperament.—**a Colossus**: the Colossus at Rhodes was one of the seven wonders of the world. The story is that the entrance of the harbor of Rhodes was spanned by this huge brass statue, over one hundred feet in height. Hence our word *colossal*, meaning of great size.—**dishonorable**: lacking honor, unnoticed.—**our stars**: the Romans believed that the stars seen in the sky at the time of a man's birth decided what his destiny was to be.—**underlings**: inferiors.—**conjure with 'em**: ancient conjurers pretended to raise the dead by uttering certain names, — “a name to conjure with.”—**the great flood**: Greek mythology has a story similar to that of the Hebrew Scriptures. Deucalion was a king in whose reign occurred a great flood, sent to punish men for their impiety.—**Rome**: pronounced *room* until within a hundred years.—**There was a Brutus once**: Junius Brutus, the first Roman consul, from whom this Brutus claimed descent.—**brooked**: tolerated, endured. This comes from an old Anglo-Saxon word meaning also to digest, which is akin to the evident meaning here, to stomach.

THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE

WENDELL PHILLIPS

WENDELL PHILLIPS (1811-1884) was a New England reformer and orator. He was famous for his hatred of any kind of oppression, and for his courage in expressing his convictions.

This address was delivered in Boston on March 10, 1859.

5 There was a time when it seemed almost providential that our race should have the keen edge of money-loving. We were to conquer the continent. God set us to subdue the wilderness. That function could be discharged only under the keen stimulus of a love of pecuniary and 10 material gain. God gave it to us for that purpose. I never blushed for the Yankee's love for the "Almighty Dollar"; it was no fault in the age of it.

But now, we may say, we have built our London and our Paris, we have finished our Rome and our Vienna, and 15 the time has come to crowd them with art, to flush them with the hues of painting and fill them with museums of science, and all to create and feed a keen appetite for intellectual culture and progress among the people.

In our libraries, books wear out in using; and no complaint is made anywhere of want of popular interest in any 20 scientific collection. You know not how the taste grows by the feeding. We sometimes forget how the sight of these stores unfolds a taste which the man himself never

dreamed that he possessed. He gazes, and lo! he too is a thinker and a student, instead of a half-wakened brute, born only, as the Roman says, "to consume the fruits of the earth." He no longer merely digs or cumbers the ground, or hangs a dead weight on some braver soul. 5 He *thinks*—and his spreading pinion lifts his fellows.

The name of Dr. Bowditch, a man eminent in every good work, gives me an illustration pertinent to the occasion. His father was a poor boy, one of those whose early privations and need after-time gathers up with loving and 10 grateful admiration.

It chanced that one of the privateers of Essex County brought in as a prize the extensive library of Dr. Kirwan, — a scientific man. It was given to the public by the generosity of the merchants of Salem, and so became 15 open to young Bowditch. He was left to avail himself at will of this magazine of science. The boy grew into a man; wife and children were about him, and moderate wealth was in his hands.

Laplace published his sublime work, which it is said 20 only twenty men in the world can read. With patient toil, with a brain which that early devotion had made strong, Bowditch mastered its contents and was the first among the twenty to open that great commentary on the works of God to every man who reads the English language, by 25 translating it into our tongue and supplying with adroit and skillful industry the steps by which the humblest

student in mathematics may follow the giant strides of Laplace.

The expense of publishing a work which so few would buy would take half of his fortune. That life had in part educated, perhaps, his wife to the same high-souled determination which animated him. He said to her, "Shall we give our wealth to this service for posterity? shall we give it to our boys, or spend it in the pleasures of life?" "Publish," was the wife's reply.

He consecrated half his fortune to the service of the future, and left to his children only an education and example. They stand now around us, eminent in every profession, and equally eminent for the same enthusiastic devotion and the same liberality in every good cause. How proud might the state be if, by opening similar libraries and museums, she educated a community of Bowditches, fathers of such children in the generations to come!

Abridged.

the "Almighty Dollar": Washington Irving speaks of "the Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land."—**the Roman:** Horace I, 2, 27.—**Dr. Bowditch:** a famous mathematician. He was born in Salem in 1773, and died in Boston in 1838.—**privateers:** private vessels sent out in war time against the enemy. The ship here spoken of was the "Pilgrim." In 1781 the books were made the foundation of the Philosophical Library of Salem.—**magazine:** a place in which supplies are stored.—**Laplace:** one of the greatest scientists of any age or country. He was the son of a poor French farmer, but worked his way to the front rank as a mathematician and an astronomer. He was a contemporary of Napoleon and had his own dreams of political greatness, but his fame rests entirely upon his scientific work.

THE DOUGLAS

WALTER SCOTT

NOTE.—The Douglas, who has long been exiled by King James, has come unrecognized to take part in the sports of the country people. He has a faint hope that the king may recognize him and renew their old friendship. Instead of this, the cruel treatment of his faithful dog leads Douglas to strike the king's huntsman.

Then clamored loud the royal train,
And brandished swords and staves amain,
But stern the Baron's warning :—“ Back !
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack !
Beware the Douglas.— Yes ; behold,
King James ! The Douglas, doomed of old,
And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim, now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends.”
“ Thus is my clemency repaid ?
Presumptuous lord ! ” the Monarch said ;
“ Of thy misproud ambitious clan,
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
The only man, in whom a foe
My woman-mercy would not know ;
But shall a Monarch's presence brook
Injurious blow and haughty look ?—

What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
 Give the offender fitting ward.—
 Break off the sports!”— for tumult rose,
 And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—
 5 “Break off the sports!” he said, and frown'd,
 “And bid our horsemen clear the ground.”

Then uproar wild and misarray
 Marred the fair form of festal day.
 At once round Douglas darkly sweep
 10 The royal spears in circle deep,
 And slowly scale the pathway steep;
 While on the rear in thunder pour
 The rabble with disordered roar.
 With grief the noble Douglas saw
 15 The Commons rise against the law,
 And to the leading soldier said,—
 “Sir John of Hyndford! 't was my blade
 That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
 For that good deed, permit me then
 20 A word with these misguided men.

“Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me
 Ye break the bands of fealty.
 My life, my honor, and my cause,
 I tender free to Scotland's laws.
 25 Are these so weak as must require
 The aid of your misguided ire?

Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
 Is then my selfish rage so strong,
 My sense of public weal so low,
 That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
 Those cords of love I should unbind,
 Which knit my country and my kind?
 5
 O no! Believe in yonder tower
 It will not soothe my captive hour



To know those spears our foes should dread
 For me in kindred gore are red;
 10
 To know, in fruitless brawl begun
 For me, that mother wails her son;
 For me, that widow's mate expires;
 For me, that orphans weep their sires;
 That patriots mourn insulted laws,
 15
 And curse the Douglas for the cause.

O let your patience ward such ill,
 And keep your right to love me still!"

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
 In tears, as tempests melt in rain.

5 With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed
 For blessings on his generous head,
 Who for his country felt alone,
 And prized her blood beyond his own.
 Old men upon the verge of life
 10 Blessed him who stayed the civil strife;
 And mothers held their babes on high,
 The self-devoted chief to spy,
 Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
 To whom the prattlers owed a sire:
 15 Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
 As if behind some bier beloved,
 With trailing arms and drooping head,
 The Douglas up the hill he led,
 And at the castle's battled verge,
 20 With sighs resigned his honored charge.

From "The Lady of the Lake."

amain: with main, or force. We still say "with might and main." —
misproud: viciously proud. — **ward**: confinement. — **misarray**: disorder. —
Hynd'ford: a village on the Clyde. — **yonder tower**: a tower in Stirling
 Castle. Here another Douglas had been killed. — **ward**: ward off. — **the
 rough soldier** : Sir John. — **verge** : formerly pronounced *varge*. Notice that
 Scott has also used it in a previous selection to rhyme with *urge*.

WHAT A GOOD HISTORY OUGHT TO BE

THOMAS CARLYLE

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881) was a Scottish philosopher and essayist. He was always protesting and denouncing, and his rough style is not easy to read. He was a thorough student of German literature, and his fondness for its idioms is shown in all his work. Personally he had to contend with much illness and anxiety, and though his irritable temper 5 made him "ower hard to live with," he was respected for his great mental strength and for his unflinching honesty. His book "Heroes and Hero Worship" is a favorite with young people.

It is not speaking with exaggeration, but with strict measured sobriety, to say that this Book of Boswell's will 10 give us more real insight into the History of England during those days than twenty other Books, falsely entitled "Histories," which take to themselves that special aim.

What good is it to me though innumerable Smolletts and Belshams keep dinning in my ears that a man named 15 George the Third was born and bred up, and a man named George the Second died; that Walpole, and the Pelhams, and Chatham, and North, with their Coalition or their Separation Ministries, all ousted one another; and vehemently scrambled for "the thing they called the 20 Rudder of Government, but which was in reality the Spigot of Taxation"?

That debates were held, and infinite jarring and jar-goning took place; and road-bills and enclosure-bills, and game-bills and India-bills, and Laws which no man can 25

number, which happily few men needed to trouble their heads with beyond the passing moment, were enacted, and printed by the King's Stationer? That he who sat in Chancery, and rayed out speculation from the Woolsack, 5 was now a man that squinted, now a man that did not squint? To the hungry and thirsty mind all this avails next to nothing. These men and these things, we indeed know, did swim, by strength or by specific levity, as apples on the top of the current: but is it by painfully 10 noting the courses, eddyings, and bobbings hither and thither of such drift-articles that you will unfold to me the nature of the current itself; of that mighty-rolling, loud-roaring Life-current, bottomless as the foundations of the Universe, mysterious as its Author?

15 The thing I want to see is not Redbook Lists, and Court Calendars, and Parliamentary Registers, but the LIFE OF MAN in England: what men did, thought, suffered, enjoyed; the form, especially the spirit, of their 20 terrestrial existence, its outward environment, its inward principle; *how* and *what* it was; whence it proceeded, whither it was tending.

Mourmful, in truth, is it to behold what the business called "History," in these so enlightened and illuminated times, still continues to be. Can you gather from it, read 25 till your eyes go out, any dimmest shadow of an answer to that great question: How men lived and had their being; were it but economically, as what wages they got,

and what they bought with these? Unhappily you cannot. History will throw no light on any such matter. At the point where living memory fails, it is all darkness; Mr. Senior and Mr. Sadler must still debate this simplest of all elements in the condition of the past: Whether men ⁵ were better off in their mere larders and pantries, or were worse off than now! History, as it stands all bound up in gilt volumes, is but a shade more instructive than the wooden volumes of a Backgammon-board. How my Prime Minister was appointed is of less moment to me ¹⁰ than how my House-Servant was hired. In these days, ten ordinary histories of Kings and Courtiers were well exchanged against the tenth part of one good history of Booksellers.

For example, I would fain know the History of Scotland; who can tell it me? "Robertson," cry innumerable voices; "Robertson against the world." I open Robertson; and find there, through long ages too confused for narrative, and fit only to be presented in the way of epitome and distilled essence, a cunning answer ²⁰ and hypothesis, not to this question: By whom, and by what means, when and how, was this fair, broad Scotland, with its Arts and Manufactures, Temples, Schools, Institutions, Poetry, Spirit, National Character, created and made arable, verdant, peculiar, great, here as I can see some ²⁵ fair section of it lying, kind and strong (like some Bacchus-tamed Lion), from the Castle-hill of Edinburgh?

— but to this other question : How did the King keep himself alive in those old days ; and restrain so many Butcher-Barons and ravenous Henchmen from utterly extirpating one another, so that killing went on in some sort of moderation ? In the one little Letter of *Aeneas Sylvius*, from old Scotland, there is more of History than in all this.

At length, however, we come to a luminous age, interesting enough ; to the age of the Reformation. All Scotland is awakened, convulsed, fermenting, struggling to 10 body itself forth anew. To the herdsman, among his cattle in remote woods ; to the craftsman, in his rude, heath-thatched workshop, among his rude guild-brethren ; to the great and to the little, a new light has arisen ; in town and hamlet groups are gathered, with eloquent looks, 15 and governed or ungovernable tongues ; the great and the little go forth together to do battle for the Lord against the mighty.

We ask, with breathless eagerness : How was it ; how went it on ? Let us understand it, let us see it, and know 20 it ! In reply, is handed us a really graceful and most dainty little Scandalous Chronicle (as for some Journal of Fashion) of two persons : Mary Stuart, a Beauty, but over light-headed ; and Henry Darnley, a Booby who had fine legs. How these first courted, billed and cooed, according to nature ; then pouted, fretted, grew utterly enraged, 25 and blew one another up with gunpowder : this, and not the History of Scotland, is what we good-naturedly read.

Nay, by other hands, something like a horse-load of other Books has been written to prove that it was the Beauty who blew up the Booby, and that it was not she. Who or what it was, the thing once for all being so effectually done, concerns us little. To know Scotland at that 5 great epoch, were a valuable increase of knowledge; to know poor Darnley, and see him with burning candle, from center to skin, were no increase of knowledge at all.— Thus is History written.

Hence, indeed, comes it that History, which should be 10 “the essence of innumerable Biographies,” will tell us, question it as we like, less than one genuine Biography may do, pleasantly and of its own accord! The time is approaching when History will be attempted on quite other principles; when the Court, the Senate, and Battlefield, 15 receding more and more into the background, the Temple, the Workshop and Social Hearth, will advance more and more into the foreground; and History will not content itself with shaping some answer to that question: How were men *taxed* and *kept quiet* then? but will seek to 20 answer this other infinitely wider and higher question: How and what *were men* then?

Not our Government only, or the “*House* wherein our life was led,” but the *Life* itself we led there, will be inquired into. Of which latter it may be found that Government, in any modern sense of the word, is, after all, 25 but a secondary condition: in the mere sense of *Taxation*

and *Keeping quiet*, a small, almost a pitiful one. — Meanwhile let us welcome such Boswells, each in his degree, as bring us any genuine contribution, were it never so inadequate, so inconsiderable.

this Book of Boswell's: a life of Dr. Samuel Johnson. It was a great success as a biography, being full of personal details. Notice Carlyle's excessive use of capitals. — **Smollett** and **Belsham**: two English historians. Smollett was also a novelist. — **Walpole**: Robert Walpole, a great English statesman. — **the Pelhams**: brothers who were opposed to Walpole. — **Chatham**: William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. — **Coalition**: combination. Lord North and his opponent, Fox, were united in what is known as the Coalition Ministry. — **Chancery**: an English high court of justice. — **the Woolsack**: the seat of the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. It is a square bag of wool, without back or arms. It commemorates the fact that wool was England's chief source of wealth during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. — **Redbook Lists**: the Red Book is a manuscript containing the names of those who held landed property in England before the Norman Conquest in 1066. — **Mr. Senior and Mr. Sadler**: two Englishmen who were much interested in economics and the Poor Laws. — **Bacchus**: the Greek god of wine. He was believed to have the power of charming wild animals. — **Butcher-Barons**: the cruel and rapacious nobles of the Middle Ages. — **Æneas Sylvius**: a liberally educated Italian who had much literary ability. He became pope (Pius II) in 1458. — **Mary Stuart**: queen of Scotland and the daughter of James V. Darnley's good looks caused Mary to select him as her husband. Her choice proved to be an unfortunate one. He was killed by an explosion of gunpowder, and many believed the queen to be guilty of the crime. Robertson and Froude, two eminent historians, uphold this opinion.

SURRENDER OF GRANADA

BULWER LYTTON

SIR EDWARD GEORGE BULWER LYTTON (1803-1873) was a British novelist and poet. He wrote many novels, among the most popular of which is "Last Days of Pompeii" (see page 176). This selection is from "Leila."

NOTE.—When Spain was overrun by the Saracens, early in the eighth 5 century, the Christians took refuge in the mountains and founded a new kingdom. For hundreds of years an incessant warfare went on between them and the Mohammedans, until in the year 1492 Ferdinand and Isabella brought a long siege to a successful termination, and the power of the Saracens in Spain was ended. Compare this account with the 10 selection from Prescott, page 232.

Day dawned upon Granada. The populace had sought their homes, and a profound quiet wrapped the streets, save where, from the fires committed in the late tumult, was yet heard the crash of roofs, or the crackle of the 15 light and fragrant timber employed in those pavilions of the summer. Day dawned, and the beams of the winter sun, smiling away the clouds of the past night, played cheerily on the murmuring waves of the Xenil and the Darro. 20

Alone, upon a balcony commanding that stately landscape, stood the last of the Moorish kings. He had sought to bring to his aid all the lessons of the philosophy he had cultivated. "What are we," thought the musing prince, "that we should fill the world with ourselves—we kings! 25

Earth resounds with the crash of my falling throne: on the ear of races unborn the echo will live prolonged. But what have I lost?—nothing that was necessary to my happiness, my repose; nothing save the source of all my 5 wretchedness! Shall I less enjoy heaven and earth, or thought or action, or man's more material luxuries of food and sleep,—the common and the cheap desires of all? Arouse thee, then, O heart within me! many and deep emotions of sorrow and of joy are yet left to break the 10 monotony of existence."

He paused; and, at the distance, his eye fell upon the lonely minarets of the distant and deserted palace. He turned away, and his cheek suddenly grew pale, for he heard in the courts below the tread of hoofs, the bustle 15 of preparation: it was the hour for his departure. His philosophy vanished: he groaned aloud, and reentered his chamber just as his vizier and the chief of his guard broke upon his solitude.

The old vizier attempted to speak, but his voice failed 20 him. "It is time, then, to depart," said Boabdil with calmness; "let it be so: render up the palace and the fortress, and join thy friend, no more thy monarch, in his new home."

He stayed not for reply: he hurried on, descended to 25 the court, flung himself upon his barb, and, with a small and saddened train, passed through the gate which we yet survey, by a blackened and crumbling tower, overgrown

with vines and ivy; thence, amidst gardens, now appertaining to the convent of the victor faith, he took his mournful and unwitnessed way. When he came to the middle of the hill that rises above those gardens, the steel of the Spanish armor gleamed upon him, as the detachment sent to occupy the palace marched over the summit in steady order and profound silence. 5



Boabdil rode on, without looking to the right or left. The Spaniards also pursued their way. The sun had fairly risen above the mountains when Boabdil and his train 10 beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole armament of Spain; and at the same moment, louder than the tramp of horse or the clash of arms, was heard distinctly the solemn chant of the Te Deum, which

preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standards. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and exclamations of his train; he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw, on his own watchtower, with the sun shining 5 full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe.

At that sight the king's voice died within him: he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the fatal ceremonial, and did not slacken his speed till almost within bowshot 10 of the first ranks of the army. Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach extended the glittering and gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sunlit spears and blazoned banners; while beside, murmured and glowed and 15 danced the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course.

By a small mosque halted the flower of the army. Surrounded by the archpriests of that mighty hierarchy, the 20 peers and princes of a court that rivaled the Rolands of Charlemagne, was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand, and the high-born dames of Spain; relieving, with their gay colors and sparkling gems, the sterner splendor of the crested helmet 25 and polished mail.

Within sight of the royal group Boabdil halted, composed his aspect so as best to conceal his soul, and, a

little in advance of his scanty train, but never in mien and majesty more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror. At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration ran through that assembly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabel slowly advanced to meet their late rival,—their new subject; and, as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon his shoulder. “Brother and prince,” said he, “forget thy 10 sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter console thee for reverses against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king, resisting man, but resigned at length to God!”

Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter but unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head and remained a moment silent; then, motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and kneeling beside Ferdinand, proffered to him, upon a silver buckler, the keys of the city. “O king,” then said Boabdil, “accept the keys 20 of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain! The empire of the Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Granada: yielding to thy prowess, they yet confide in thy mercy.”

“They do well,” said the king; “our promises shall not 25 be broken. But, since we know the gallantry of Moorish cavaliers, not to us, but to gentler hands, shall the keys of

Granada be surrendered." Thus saying, Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabel, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil; but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen
 5 though she was; and when she lifted her eyes upon the pale and calm features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistibly, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which
 10 the Moor was the first to break.

"Fair queen," said he, with mournful and pathetic dignity, "thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches and subdues; this is thy last, nor least, glorious conquest. But I detain ye: let not my aspect
 15 cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say farewell." Boabdil smiled bitterly, saluted the royal pair with profound and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving the army below, as he ascended the path that led to his new principality beyond the Alpuxarras.

20 As the trees snatched the Moorish cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its march; and trumpet and cymbal presently sent their music to the ear of the Moslems.

Boabdil spurred on at full speed, till his panting charger
 25 halted at the little village where his mother and his slaves awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path.

They ascended that eminence which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its height the vale, the rivers, the spires, the towers of Granada broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted, mechanically and abruptly: every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The proud shame of baffled warriors, the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled every heart and gushed from every eye.

Suddenly the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel and rolled along the sunlit valley and crystal river. 10 A universal wail burst from the exiles: it smote, it over-powered the heart of the ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in Eastern pride or stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the 15 solitary defiles: and that place where the king wept is still called “The Last Sigh of the Moor.”

Abridged.

Grana'da: a province and city of Spain.—**Xenil** (hä-neel') and **Dar'ro**: rivers of Spain.—**Boabdil'** (dél'): the last Moorish king of Granada.—**barb**: a horse of superior breed, brought from Barbary into Spain by the Moors.—**the Te De'um**: a Latin hymn.—**Alham'bra**: the royal palace and fortress. This was a very wonderful and beautiful example of Moorish art. See Irving's “Alhambra.”—**Ro'land**: a French hero famous for his gallantry and loyalty.—**Charlemagne** (sharl'main): a great ruler who in the eighth century fought against the Saracens. He was Roland's uncle.—**the Mos'lem**: the followers of Mohammed were called Moslems or Moslem as well as Mohammedans. From the plains of Arabia they had spread through northern Africa, and, entering Spain, had threatened to conquer all Europe.—**Alpuxarras** (äl-poo-här'räs): a range of mountains.—**stoical philosophy**: the teaching of the Stoics demanded that they should appear indifferent to suffering.

WEALTH

JOHN RUSKIN

The laws which at present regulate the possession of wealth are unjust, because the motives which provoke to its attainment are impure; but no socialism can effect their abrogation, unless it can abrogate also covetousness and pride, which it by no means yet is in the way of doing.

Nor can the change be, in any case, to the extent that has been imagined. Extremes of luxury may be forbidden, and agony of penury relieved; but nature intends, and the utmost efforts of socialism will not hinder the fulfillment of her intention, that a provident person shall always be richer than a spendthrift, and an ingenious one more comfortable than a fool. But, indeed, the adjustment of the possession of the products of industry depends more on their nature than their quantity, and on wise determination therefore of the aims of industry. A nation which desires true wealth desires it moderately, and can therefore distribute it with kindness and possess it with pleasure; but one which desires false wealth desires it immoderately, and can neither dispense it with justice nor enjoy it in peace.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED TENNYSON

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892) was one of the great poets of the nineteenth century. His poetry is noted for its perfect form and for its melody and sweetness. Among the best known of Tennyson's longer poems are "Idylls of the King," in which he tells the old legends that cluster about King Arthur and his knights. When Tennyson was forty 5 years old he was made poet laureate, and in 1884 he was given a seat in the House of Lords.

NOTE.—This famous charge was made at Balaklava in 1854 during the Crimean War. The Russians were advancing in great strength to intercept the combined Turkish and British forces, when the English commander, Lord Raglan, sent an order to attack. Some mistake, either in the delivery or in the understanding of the message, led to the fatal charge. 10

Half a league, half a league,

Half a league onward,

All in the valley of Death

15

Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!

Charge for the guns!" he said:

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

20

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"

Was there a man dismayed?

Not though the soldier knew

Some one had blundered.

Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

5

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well;
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of hell,
 Rode the six hundred.

15

Flashed all their sabers bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sab'ring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered:
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 Right through the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the saber stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back, but not —
 Not the six hundred.

20

25

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made !
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

Cos'sack : the Cossacks are wild tribes of the Russian empire.



THE RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS AT BARCELONA

WASHINGTON IRVING

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859) was almost the first American author who gained a wide reputation. Among his works are "The Sketch-Book," a "Life of Columbus," and a humorous history of New York.

NOTE.—Upon the return of Columbus to Spain, after his successful 5 voyage across the Unknown Sea, he was received with great demonstrations as he journeyed from town to town. Barcelona was a seaport city of considerable importance, and special preparations were made to do him honor.

About the middle of April Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him 10 a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored climate contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony.

As he drew near the place, many of the youthful cour-15 tiers and hidalgos, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors.

20 First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of

precious qualities ; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions.

After this followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets



were almost impassable from the countless multitude ; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair ; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these 10 trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered.

There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs ; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy generally expected from roving enterprises, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the 10 sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court.

15 At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which with his countenance, rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator 20 of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came ; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the 25 admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world.

As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his

knees, he offered to kiss their hands ; but there was some hesitation on their part to permit this act of homage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence ; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At their request he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered. He displayed specimens of unknown birds and other animals ; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues ; of native gold in dust, in crude 10 masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments ; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest.

All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be made, which would add realms of 15 incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties.

When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth their thanks to God for so great a providence ; all present 20 followed their example ; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph.

hídal'go : literally, a son of somebody ; one of the lesser nobility of Spain.
 — **sát'ed** : satisfied. — **Prince Juan** (hwän) : the only son of King Ferdinand. A few years later the young prince died. — **Las Cá'sas** : a Spanish missionary and historian who went with Columbus upon his second voyage.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

BULWER LYTTON

NOTE.—In the year A.D. 79 the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. The following selection is taken from “Last Days of Pompeii,” a novel in which Glaucus, an Athenian, Ione, his betrothed, and the blind slave, Nydia, are among the 5 chief characters.

The cloud which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of 10 some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly 15 blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky—now of a livid and snakelike green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from 20 arch to arch,—then suddenly dying into a sickly pale-ness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured

sea ; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and by the lightning to assume quaint and ⁵ vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade ; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic ¹⁰ foes, — the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep ; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places ¹⁵ immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way ; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt, — the footing seemed to slide and creep, ²⁰ — nor could chariot or litter be kept steady even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible ²⁵ within their reach ; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved, for several houses

and even vineyards had been set in flames, and at various intervals the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places, 5 such as the porticoes of the temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, 10 parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying toward the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land. Wild — haggard — ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise. Nothing in all the 15 various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation.

Through this awful scene did Glaucus wend his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind girl. Suddenly a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them. 20 Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus, who with Ione was borne rapidly onward; and when the crowd (whose forms they saw not, so thick was the gloom) were gone, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps, — 25 in vain: they could not discover her, — it was evident she had been swept along by the human current. Their friend, their preserver, was lost! And hitherto Nydia had been



their guide. Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone. Accustomed, through a perpetual night, to tread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly toward the seashore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now, which way could they wend? All was rayless to them — a maze without a clew.

Advancing, as men grope for escape in a dungeon, they continued their uncertain way. At the moments when the volcanic lightnings lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that awful light, to steer and guide their progress; yet little did the view it presented to them cheer or encourage their path. In parts where the ashes lay dry and uncommixed with the boiling torrents cast upward from the mountain at capricious intervals, the surface of the earth presented a leprous and ghastly white. In other places cinder and rock lay matted in heaps. And ever as the winds swept howling along the street, they bore sharp streams of burning dust, and such sickening and poisonous vapors as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness.

Meanwhile Nydia, when separated by the throng from Glaucus and Ione, had in vain endeavored to regain them. In vain she raised that plaintive cry so peculiar to the blind; it was lost amidst a thousand shrieks of more selfish terror. Again and again she returned to the spot where they had been divided, to be dashed aside in the impatience of distraction. Who in that hour spared one

thought to his neighbor? At length it occurred to Nydia that, as it had been resolved to seek the seashore for escape, her most probable chance of rejoining her companions would be to persevere in that direction. Guiding her steps, then, by the staff which she always carried, she continued, with incredible dexterity, to avoid the masses of ruin that encumbered the path and to take the nearest direction to the seaside.

The sudden illumination, the bursts of the flood of lava, and the earthquake, which we have already described, 10 chanced when she had just gained the direct path leading from the city to the port; and here she was arrested by an immense crowd, more than half the population of the city. They spread along the fields without the walls, thousands upon thousands, uncertain whither to 15 fly. The sea had retired far from the shore; and they who had fled to it had been so terrified by the agitation and preternatural shrinking of the element, the gasping forms of the uncouth sea things which the waves had left upon the sand, and by the sound of the huge stones cast 20 from the mountain into the deep, that they had returned again to the land, as presenting the less frightful aspect of the two. Thus the two streams of human beings, the one seaward, the other from the sea, had met together, feeling a sad comfort in numbers, arrested in despair and doubt. 25

And now new fugitives arrived, from one of whom Nydia learned that Glaucus was still in the forum. Silently she

glided through those behind her and retraced her steps to the city. She gained the forum — the arch ; she stooped down — she felt around — she called on the name of Glaucus.

5 A weak voice answered, “Who calls on me ?”

“Arise, follow me ! Take my hand ! Glaucus, thou shalt be saved !”

In wonder and sudden hope Glaucus arose — “Nydia still ? Ah ! thou, then, art safe !”

10 The tender joy of his voice pierced the heart of the poor Thessalian, and she blessed him for his thought of her.

Half leading, half carrying Ione, Glaucus followed his guide. After many pauses and incredible perseverance they gained the sea, and joined a group who, bolder than 15 the rest, resolved to hazard any peril rather than continue in such a scene. In darkness they put forth to sea ; but, as they cleared the land and caught new aspects of the mountain, its channels of molten fire threw a partial redness over the waves. Meanwhile the showers of dust and 20 ashes, still borne aloft, fell into the wave and scattered their snows over the deck. Far and wide, borne by the winds, those showers descended upon the remotest climes, startling even the swarthy African, and whirled along the antique soil of Syria and of Egypt.

Io'ne. — Nydia (nid'ia). — lu'rid : pale, ghastly, or a smoky yellow. Perhaps no English word is so frequently misused. Bulwer apparently intends it to mean *fiery*. — hurtling : crashing. — fo'rum : a market place. — Thessa'lian : a native of Thessaly, Greece.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

THOMAS B. MACAULAY

NOTE.—The power of England in India, which had begun in 1757 with Clive's victory at Plassey, had been in danger of utter defeat. That it was preserved was due to the energy of Warren Hastings, who returned from the East hoping for recognition and reward. But with him came stories of his tyranny, his injustice, and his cruelty. Such a system as his 5 was shown to be was foreign to the English spirit, and in 1788 he was impeached, or charged with misconduct in public office. The trial lasted for years, and although Hastings was acquitted, the real end of the impeachment was gained. The spirit of humanity, brotherhood, and sympathy for the far-away sufferers in a dependent colony had been roused in 10 English hearts, and a great step in social progress had been taken.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the 15 just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. 20

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long 25

galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle
 10 which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age.

15 The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled
 20 down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue.

He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man.

25 A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect ;

a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn but serene: such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first 5 read. The ceremony occupied two whole days. On the third day Burke rose. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectations of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India. 10 He recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic Empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the company and of the English presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed 15 in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. . . .

At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of English oak resounded, "Therefore," 20 said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the 25 name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of

India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, . . . in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

Abridged.

the hall of William Rufus: known as Westminster Hall. It was added in the eleventh century to the ancient palace of Westminster, by William Rufus. For more than seven centuries the high courts of justice and the coronation feasts were held in this hall. It now forms the vestibule to the houses of Parliament.—**Bacon:** Francis Bacon, the essayist and philosopher, was lord chancellor of England. He was accused of having accepted bribes and pleaded guilty to the charge.—**Somers:** John Somers, who was born nearly a hundred years later, was also lord chancellor. He was accused of arranging certain treaties which were unfavorable to English interests, but the charge was dismissed.—**Strafford:** the Earl of Strafford was a royalist in the Civil War in England.—**Charles:** Charles I, who was condemned by Parliament, in 1649, to be beheaded because of his tyranny and oppression.—**grenadiers':** members of a special regiment, chosen usually for their imposing appearance.—**Garter King-at-arms:** an officer of great authority in the earlier history of England. His duty was to direct the heralds.—**house of Brunswick:** George III was of the house of Brunswick.—**Siddons:** Mrs. Sarah Siddons, a famous actress, of great beauty and dignity.—**the greatest painter of the age:** Sir Joshua Reynolds.—**the greatest scholar:** Samuel Parr.—**Burke:** Edmund Burke, an illustrious Irish orator. He entered the House of Commons in 1766 and took an active interest in all national affairs. Burke made himself familiar with the difficult problems confronting the government, and urged conciliatory measures toward the colonies in America. It was he who brought the formal charge against Hastings.—**company:** the East India Company, formed for trading purposes.—**presidencies:** British India was formerly divided into the three presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849) was an American writer of prose and verse of rare quality. His genius gave a wonderful charm to his work, but it is only the promise of what it might have been had his life been wholesome and serene.

NOTE.—This brief selection from one of the most famous of Poe's 5. fanciful tales gives an excellent idea of the peculiar quality and intensity of his style.

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, 10 through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was, but with the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insuffer- 15 able; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or the terrible.

I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere 20 house and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant, eyelike windows, upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which

I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveler upon opium,— the bitter lapse into everyday life, the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, 5 an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime.

What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with 10 the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among 15 considerations beyond our depth.

It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and acting 20 upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled luster by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree stems, 25 and the vacant and eyelike windows.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment—that of looking down within the tarn—

had been to deepen the first singular impression. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity, — an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn, — a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen, and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its

way down the wall in a zigzag direction until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn. . . .

From that chamber and from that mansion I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued, for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building in a zigzag direction to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened; there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind; the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight; my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder; there was a long, tumultuous, shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters,— and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the “House of Usher.”

lurid: dismal or gloomy. This is the secondary meaning of the word.—**tarn**: a small lake.—**specious totality**: false wholeness.



HILDA'S DOVES

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NOTE.—Hawthorne's story "The Marble Faun," from which these selections are taken, concerns itself with the fancied resemblance between a young Italian and a famous marble statue. Miriam is an artist, and Hilda and the sculptor Kenyon are her friends. Hilda's doves have little to do with the story except to emphasize the sweet and tender purity of their mistress's character, but these bits of description are among the most beautiful passages of the book. 5



Miriam herself now came forth and taking her way through some of the intricacies of the city entered what might be called either a widening of a street or a small 10 piazza. The neighborhood comprised a baker's oven,

emitting the usual fragrance of sour bread; a shoe shop; a linen draper's shop; a pipe and cigar shop; a lottery office; a station for soldiers, with a sentinel pacing in front; and a fruit stand, at which a Roman matron was
5 selling the dry kernels of chestnuts, wretched little figs, and some bouquets of yesterday. A church, of course, was near at hand, the façade of which ascended into lofty pinnacles, whereon were perched two or three winged figures of stone, either angelic or allegorical, blowing stone
10 trumpets in close vicinity to the upper windows of an old and shabby palace. This palace was distinguished by a feature not very common in the architecture of Roman edifices; that is to say, a mediæval tower, square, massive, lofty, and battlemented and machicolated at the summit.
15 At one of the angles of the battlements stood a shrine of the Virgin, such as we see everywhere at the street corners of Rome, but seldom or never, except in this solitary instance, at a height above the ordinary level of men's views and aspirations. Connected with this old tower and
20 its lofty shrine there is a legend which we cannot here pause to tell; but for centuries a lamp has been burning before the Virgin's image, at noon, at midnight, and at all hours of the twenty-four, and must be kept burning forever, as long as the tower shall stand; or else the tower itself,
25 the palace, and whatever estate belongs to it, shall pass from its hereditary possessor, in accordance with an ancient vow, and become the property of the Church.

As Miriam approached she looked upward and saw, — not, indeed, the flame of the never-dying lamp, which was swallowed up in the broad sunlight that brightened the shrine, but a flock of white doves, skimming, fluttering, and wheeling about the topmost height of the tower, their 5 silver wings flashing in the pure transparency of the air. Several of them sat on the ledge of the upper window, pushing one another off by their eager struggle for this favorite station, and all tapping their beaks and flapping their wings tumultuously against the panes; some had 10 alighted in the street, far below, but flew hastily upward at the sound of the window being thrust ajar and opening in the middle on rusty hinges as Roman windows do.

A fair young girl, dressed in white, showed herself at the aperture for a single instant and threw forth as much 15 as her two small hands could hold of some kind of food for the flock of eleemosynary doves. It seemed greatly to the taste of the feathered people; for they tried to snatch beakfuls of it from her grasp, caught it in the air, and rushed downward after it upon the pavement. 20

“What a pretty scene this is,” thought Miriam, with a kindly smile, “and how like a dove she is herself, the fair, pure creature! The other doves know her for a sister, I am sure.” . . .

When they reached the Via Portoghese, and approached 25 Hilda’s tower, the doves, who were waiting aloft, flung themselves upon the air and came floating down about

her head. The girl caressed them and responded to their cooings with similar sounds from her own lips and with words of endearment; and their joyful flutterings and airy little flights, evidently impelled by pure exuberance of spirits, seemed to show that the doves had a real sympathy with their mistress's state of mind. For peace had descended upon her like a dove.

Bidding the sculptor farewell, Hilda climbed her tower and came forth upon its summit to trim the Virgin's lamp. The doves, well knowing her custom, had flown up thither to meet her and again hovered about her head; and very lovely was her aspect in the evening sunlight, which had little further to do with the world just then, save to fling a golden glory on Hilda's hair and vanish.

Turning her eyes down into the dusky street which she had just quitted, Hilda saw the sculptor still there and waved her hand to him.

One of the doves, which had been resting on Hilda's shoulder, suddenly flew downward, as if recognizing him as its mistress's dear friend; and perhaps commissioned with an errand of regard, brushed his upturned face with its wings and again soared aloft. The sculptor watched the bird's return and saw Hilda greet it with a smile.

piazza: an open square in an Italian town. — **façade** (fā-sād' or fā-sād'): the front of a building. — **machicolated** (má-chik'ō-lä-tēd): having holes through which missiles could be dropped or melted lead could be poured on an enemy. — **eleemos'ynary**: supported by charity. — **Via Portoghese** (vē'a por-to-gē'zā): a street in Rome.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DOG

NOTE.—This defense of a dog was spoken by a Missouri senator many years ago in a country court room.

“GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man’s reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

“A man’s dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master’s side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come from encounter with

the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as ⁵ the sun in its journeys through the heavens.

“If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when ¹⁰ the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the grave will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, ¹⁵ faithful and true even in death.”



PORTIA'S SPEECH

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

NOTE.—This is the famous speech in which Portia, disguised as a young lawyer, pleads Antonio's cause against the cruel merchant Shylock. It is taken from the play "The Merchant of Venice."

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
'T is mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

strained: restrained. — twice blest: carries a double blessing.

GENIUS AND INDUSTRY

HENRY WARD BEECHER

HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813-1887) was a popular American preacher and writer. He was noted for his active interest in reform work.

Industry is a substitute for genius. Where one or more faculties exist in the highest state of development and activity,—as the faculty of music in Mozart, invention in Fulton, ideality in Milton,—we call the possessor a genius. But a genius is *usually* understood to be a creature of such rare facility of mind that he can do anything without labor.

10 According to the popular notion, he learns without study and knows without learning. He is eloquent without preparation, exact without calculation, and profound without reflection.

While ordinary men toil for knowledge by reading, by comparison, and by minute research, a genius is supposed to receive it as the mind receives dreams. His mind is like a vast cathedral, through whose colored windows the sunlight streams, painting the aisles with the varied colors of brilliant pictures. Such minds *may* exist.

20 So far as I have observed the species, they abound in academies, colleges, and Thespian societies. They are to be known by a reserved air, excessive sensitiveness, and utter indolence; by very long hair and very open

shirt collars ; by the reading of much wretched poetry and the writing of much yet more wretched ; by being very conceited, very affected, very disagreeable, and very useless : beings whom no man wants for friends, pupils, or companions.

5

Where the ordinary wants of life once require recon-
dite principles, they will need the application of familiar
truths a thousand times. Those who enlarge the bounds
of knowledge must push out with bold adventure beyond
the common walks of men. But only few pioneers are 10
needed for the largest armies, and a few profound men
in each occupation may herald the advance of all the
business of society.

The vast bulk of men are required to discharge the
homely duties of life ; and they have less need of genius 15
than of industry and enterprise. Young men should
observe that those who take the honors and emoluments
of mechanical crafts, of commerce, and of professional life,
are rather distinguished for a sound judgment and a close
application than for a brilliant genius.

20

In the ordinary business of life, industry can do any-
thing that genius can do, and very many things that
it cannot. Genius is usually impatient of application,
irritable, scornful of men's dullness, squeamish at petty
disgusts ; it loves a conspicuous place, a short work, 25
and a large reward ; it loathes the sweat of toil, the
vexations of life, and the dull burden of care.

Industry has a firmer muscle, is less annoyed by delays and repulses, and, like water, bends itself to the shape of the soil over which it flows ; and if checked, will not rest, but accumulates, and mines a passage beneath, or seeks a side race, or rises above and overflows the obstruction.

The masterpieces of antiquity, as well in literature as in art, are known to have received their extreme finish from an almost incredible continuance of labor upon them.

Genius needs industry, as much as industry needs genius. If only Milton's imagination could have conceived his visions, his consummate industry only could have carved the immortal lines which enshrine them. If only Newton's mind could reach out to the secrets of Nature, even his could only do it by the homeliest toil.

The works of Bacon are not midsummer-night dreams, but, like coral islands, they have risen from the depths of truth, and formed their broad surfaces above the ocean by the minutest accretions of persevering labor. The conceptions of Michael Angelo's genius would have perished like a night's fantasy had not his industry given them permanence.

Abridged.

Mozart (mō't'sart) : a great German composer. — **Fulton** : the inventor of the modern steamboat. — **Milton** : See page 210. — **Thes'pian** : dramatic ; from Thespis, a Greek dramatist who has been called the inventor of tragedy. — **re'condite** (literally, concealed) : deep or profound. — **emol'ument** (literally, worked out) : profit. The present meanings of these words show the development of language. — **race** : channel or stream. — **Newton** : an English mathematician who formulated the law of gravitation. — **Bacon** : an English philosopher. — **Michael An'gelo** : a great Italian painter and sculptor of the sixteenth century.

ON THE MUGGLETON COACH

CHARLES DICKENS

NOTE.—Dickens's fame as a humorist rests largely upon his "Pickwick Papers," from which this selection is taken. The adventures of Mr. Pickwick, his friends, and his servant, Sam Weller, have furnished entertainment to scores of delighted readers. This description of a ride on a stagecoach in the crisp cold of a winter day has a breeziness and dash about it which gives the reader a wonderful sense of exhilaration.



Mr. Pickwick and his friends are waiting in the cold on the outside of the Muggleton coach, which they have just attained, well wrapped up in greatcoats, shawls, and comforters. The portmanteaus and carpetbags have been 10 stowed away, and Mr. Weller and the guard are endeavoring to insinuate into the fore boot a huge codfish

several sizes too large for it, — which is snugly packed up in a long brown basket, with a layer of straw over the top, and which has been left to the last, in order that he may repose in safety on the half dozen barrels of real native oysters, all the property of Mr. Pickwick, which have been arranged in regular order at the bottom of the receptacle. The interest displayed in Mr. Pickwick's countenance is most intense, as Mr. Weller and the guard try to squeeze the codfish into the boot, first head first and then tail first, and then top upward and then bottom upward, and then sideways and then longways, all of which artifices the implacable codfish sturdily resists, until the guard accidentally hits him in the very middle of the basket, whereupon he suddenly disappears into the boot, and with him the head and shoulders of the guard himself, who, not calculating upon so sudden a cessation of the passive resistance of the codfish, experiences a very unexpected shock, to the unsmotherable delight of all the porters and bystanders. But at last the coachman mounts to the box, Mr. Weller jumps up behind, the Pickwickians pull their coats round their legs and their shawls over their noses, the helpers pull the horse cloths off, the coachman shouts out a cheery "All right!" and away they go.

They have rumbled through the streets, and jolted over the stones, and at length reach the wide and open country. The wheels skim over the hard and frosty ground; and the horses, bursting into a canter at a smart crack of

the whip, step along the road as if the load behind them — coach, passengers, codfish, oyster barrels and all — were but a feather at their heels.

They have descended a gentle slope, and enter upon a level as compact and dry as a solid block of marble, two miles long. Another crack of the whip and on they speed at a smart gallop, the horses tossing their heads and rattling the harness as if in exhilaration at the rapidity of the motion ; while the coachman, holding whip and reins in one hand, takes off his hat with the other, and resting it on his knees, pulls out his handkerchief and wipes his forehead, partly because he has a habit of doing it, and partly because it 's as well to show the passengers how cool he is, and what an easy thing it is to drive four-in-hand when you have had as much practice as he has. Having done this very leisurely (otherwise the effect would be materially impaired), he replaces his handkerchief, pulls on his hat, adjusts his gloves, squares his elbows, cracks the whip again, and on they speed, more merrily than before.

20

And now the bugle plays a lively air as the coach rattles through the ill-paved streets of a country town ; and the coachman, undoing the buckle which keeps his ribbons together, prepares to throw them off the moment he stops. Mr. Pickwick emerges from his coat collar, and looks about him with great curiosity ; perceiving which, the coachman informs Mr. Pickwick of the name of the

25

town, and tells him it was market day yesterday, both of which pieces of information Mr. Pickwick retails to his fellow-passengers, whereupon they emerge from their coat collars too, and look about them also.

5 Mr. Winkle, who sits at the extreme edge, with one leg dangling in the air, is nearly precipitated into the street as the coach twists round the sharp corner and turns into the market place ; and before Mr. Snodgrass, who sits next to him, has recovered from his alarm, they pull up 10 at the inn yard, where the fresh horses, with cloths on, are already waiting.

The coachman throws down the reins and gets down himself, and the other outside passengers drop down also, except those who have no great confidence in their ability 15 to get up again ; and they remain where they are and stamp their feet against the coach to warm them, looking with longing eyes and red noses at the bright fire in the inn bar, and the sprigs of holly with red berries which ornament the window.

20 But the guard has delivered at the corn dealer's shop the brown paper packet he took out of the little pouch which hangs over his shoulder by a leathern strap ; and has seen the horses carefully put to ; and has thrown on the pavement the saddle which was brought from London 25 on the coach roof ; and has assisted in the conference between the coachman and the hostler about the gray mare that hurt her off fore leg last Tuesday ; and he and

Mr. Weller are all right behind, and the coachman is all right in front, and the old gentleman inside who has kept the window down full two inches all this time has pulled it up again, and the cloths are off, and they are all ready for starting, except the "two stout gentlemen," whom the coachman inquires after with some impatience. Hereupon the coachman, and the guard, and Sam Weller, and Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass, and all the hostlers, and every one of the idlers, who are more in number than all the others put together, shout for the missing gentlemen 10 as loud as they can bawl. A distant response is heard from the yard, and Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman come running down it, quite out of breath, for they have been having a glass of ale apiece, and Mr. Pickwick's fingers are so cold that he has been full five minutes before he 15 could find the sixpence to pay for it. The coachman shouts an admonitory "Now then, gen'l'men!" the guard reëchoes it; the old gentleman inside thinks it a very extraordinary thing that people *will* get down when they know there is n't time for it; Mr. Pickwick struggles up 20 on one side, Mr. Tupman on the other; Mr. Winkle cries "All right!" and off they start. Shawls are pulled up, coat collars are readjusted, the pavement ceases, the houses disappear, and they are once again dashing along the open road, with the fresh, clear air blowing in their 25 faces and gladdening their very hearts within them.

guard: one who has charge of a mail coach. — **ribbons**: reins.

THE PRESSURE OF GENTLENESS

D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON

D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON was a Scottish writer on scientific subjects. He died in 1902.

A close relation of my own was for twelve years an officer in almost the severest of all continental services.

5 He tells me that in his long experience he met with only one captain who in dealing with his company avowedly ignored all means of physical coercion.

On this captain's breast were the orders of two kingdoms and two empires. After one well-fought day he had been
10 voted by acclamation as a candidate for the order of the Iron Crown, which he would have obtained had he added his own signature to those of all his brother officers; and yet so soft-hearted was this *chevalier sans peur* that any beggar woman could draw from him an ill-spared florin.

15 In a village where a portion of the regiment were once quartered, the good curé, at the close of a sermon on Christian character, told his flock that if they wished to see Christianity in action they might see it in a captain of grenadiers, who clothed their poorest children with his
20 pocket money, and whose closest companion was ignorant of his good deeds.

This captain's company was noted as being the best dressed and the best conducted in the regiment. There

were at Solferino (and there are, alas! such cases in all engagements) cases of gallant but stern officers that fell by a traitorous bullet from behind. There was not one man in the company of this captain that would not have taken in his stead a bullet aimed at him from the front. 5

A year and a half ago I met at Yorkshire an invalid young sailor. From his smooth face, short stature, and attenuated form, I should have taken him for a senior midshipman. To my complete astonishment I found that he was commander of a Pacific liner, with a numerous 10 crew under his orders and in receipt of a splendid income.

I discussed with him the theory of discipline. He considered physical chastisement as brutal, swearing as unchristian, and hectoring as unmanly. "The man who cannot control himself is not fit to command a crew," he 15 said tritely and truly. I looked in wonder at this shrimp of a man, who was speaking with such calm confidence. "I never," he continued, "raise my voice above its usual tone to enforce an order."

He was worn to skin and bone by a chest disorder of 20 long continuance, which he considered would close his life at no distant date. I could have pushed him over with a rude jostle of my elbow. But there was something in his face that told you unmistakably he was not the man with whom to take a liberty. 25

He gave a remarkable anecdote of himself. His ship was alongside an American liner in the Liverpool docks.

The Yankee captain was dining with him, and the conversation fell upon the means of maintaining order in a crew. The Yankee scouted all means but the stick. He and his mates used on principle the most brutal means of coercion.

8 During this argument the steward came to announce that the English crew were fighting the Yankees on the neighboring vessel.

The captains went on deck, and the Englishman, sling-
ing himself by a rope, alighted in the midst of an uproari-
10 ous crowd. "Well, my men," said he, "so you are making
beasts of yourselves, and disregarding your captain." And
the big fellows slunk off without a word to their own ves-
sel, and one or two of the ringleaders were set for an hour
15 or two to swab the decks. But of the quarreling tars there
was not a man but could have lifted his wee captain
and dropped him overboard without an effort. I trust
to God he may yet be living, and may long be spared as
a specimen of a quiet, resolute English skipper.

But if I were called upon to name the Aristides of my
20 life acquaintance, I should name a man whom I never
knew till I had crossed the Tweed. I believe it would be
as hard to warp a Carlyle into sentimental or religious
cant, and a prophet Cumming into common sense and
modesty, as to twist the nature of my friend into petty
25 words of illiberal action. He was once the superintendent
of a public educational institution. He had been present
one day in the drill ground, where an honest sergeant

with a good deal of superfluous bluster was putting a regiment through its facings. When the boys were dismissed, the sergeant approached the superior and said, "Excuse the liberty, sir, but when you are more used to boys, you 'll find that you must put more pepper into what you do and say." "Well," said my friend, "every man has his own way; for my part, I don't believe in pepper."

A few weeks afterwards the principal was in his library, when the sergeant was ushered in. "I 've come, sir," said the latter, "to ask a favor. Those boys are a little trouble- 10 some at times. If you 'd be kind enough just to stand at your drawing-room window for a few minutes when drill was going on, it would do a deal of good."

Ah! worthy sergeant, your pepper won't do after all. No, friend, keep it for your vegetables, and use it then in 15 moderation..

orders: the decorations or insignia of an order of knighthood or similar association.—**the order of the Iron Crown:** an order or society of great distinction. Charlemagne and Napoleon were crowned with the Iron Crown. Within it is a narrow band which, according to tradition, was made from one of the nails used in the crucifixion of Christ.—**chevalier sans peur** (sheh-vä-le-ä' san pär): Bayard, a French soldier of the sixteenth century. He was known as the knight "without fear and without reproach."—**curé** (kü-rä'): priest.—**grenadiers:** see note on page 186.—**Solferino** (sol-fer-ë'no): a village in Italy where a great battle was fought in 1859.—**liner:** a vessel belonging to an established line.—**tritely:** *trite* literally means rubbed until worn out.—**shrimp:** a dwarf.—**Aristi'des:** an Athenian general, "spotless of heart," who was known as "the Just."—**Tweed:** a river in the south of Scotland.—**Carlyle:** a Scottish writer and philosopher of unwavering honesty and courage.—**Cum'ming:** a British writer on philosophy.—**fa'cings:** drill.

SONNET

ON HIS BLINDNESS

JOHN MILTON

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674) was the greatest of English poets after Shakespeare. In some ways the two may be ranked as equals. Milton was a deep thinker and scholar, warmly interested in English politics and in the success of the Puritan party. Among his famous poems are 5 "Paradise Lost," "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Pensero."

NOTE.—Milton became blind in 1654. His chief work, "Paradise Lost," was written after this date.

When I consider how my life is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 10 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide,
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
 15 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
 20 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

fondly: foolishly. The old meaning of *fond* was *silly* rather than *affectionate*.

THE JUDGMENT OF VAN TWILLER

WASHINGTON IRVING

NOTE.—Irving prefaced his “History of New York” by an Apology, in which he stated it to be the main object of his work “to embody local traditions in an amusing form, to illustrate local humors, customs, and peculiarities, to clothe home scenes and places and familiar names with those imaginative and whimsical associations so seldom met with in our 5 new country, but which live like charms and spells about the cities of the Old World, binding the heart of the native inhabitant to his home.” This history purported to be written by one Diedrich Knickerbocker, and it is still spoken of as the Knickerbocker History. It met with great favor. Sir Walter Scott thought that the style resembled that of Dean Swift, but the 10 humor of the American author is gentle, and his satire has no sting.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked 15 of,—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world; one by talking faster than they think, and the other by holding their tongues and not 20 thinking at all. By the first many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not for 25



the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables, but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never 5 known to laugh or even to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life.

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived 10 every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is that if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, 15 shake his capacious head, smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that he "had his doubts about the matter"; which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. 20 He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of The Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a scepter he swayed a long Turkish pipe wrought 25 with jasmine and amber. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking

his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eyes for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said 5 that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular, guttural sounds, which his admirers declared 10 were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen 15 that gave the flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance 20 of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have 25 already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings—or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively

to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth,—either as a sign that he relished the dish or comprehended the story,—he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge ⁵ jackknife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Harun-al-Rashid among the true believers. The two parties being ¹⁰ confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his ¹⁵ hands and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea ²⁰ by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced that, having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, he had found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the ²⁵ other: therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced: therefore Wandle

should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision being straightway made known, diffused 5 general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration; and the office of constable 10 fell into such decay that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and 15 righteous judgments on record and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

Abridged.

a man of quick parts: one of ready abilities.—**The Hague**: a famous town of Holland; the usual residence of the court. It was at one time a hunting seat, in the heart of a beautiful forest.—**timmerman**: a worker in wood, or *timmer*.—**on the carpet**: under consideration. —**New Amsterdam**: the old name for New York. The town was so called until its capture by the English in 1664, when the name was changed to New York.—**Harun-al-Rash'id**: a celebrated Eastern monarch whose adventures are told in the “Arabian Nights.” He died in A.D. 809.—**true believers**: the name given to themselves by Mussulmans.—**learned**: this, when used as an adjective, is pronounced *learnèd*.—**losel scout**: a worthless, spying fellow.

SONG FROM COMUS

JOHN MILTON

NOTE.—A lady lost in a wood has come under the power of an enchanter, Comus. A friendly spirit appeals for help to the water nymph, Sabrina.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;

Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,

Listen and save!

5

10

Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus,

By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.

Listen and save!

15

Ocē'anus: one of the sea gods of Greek mythology.

JOHN MILTON

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850) was one of the greatest of English poets. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are known as the Lake Poets, because they lived in the lake district of England and described that region. Wordsworth was a poet of remarkable but unequal powers.

5 He succeeded Southey as poet laureate, and was himself succeeded by Tennyson.

NOTE.—This sonnet was written after a visit which Wordsworth had made to France, then slowly recovering from the great Revolution. “I was struck,” he says, “with the vanity and parade of my own country.

10 This must be borne in mind or else the reader may think that I have exaggerated the mischief fostered among us by undisturbed wealth.”

Milton! thou should’st be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 15 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 20 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life’s common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 25 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT

WILLIAM J. LONG

A shadow fell on the water, and I looked up to watch the great eagle, breasting, balancing, playing with the mighty air currents above, as the fishes played in the swift rush of water below.

He set his wings square to the wind at first and slanted 5 swiftly up, like a well-hung kite. But that was too fast for leisure hours. He had only dropped down to the pool in idle curiosity to see what was doing. Then, watching his wing tips keenly through my glass, I saw the quills turn ever so slightly, so as to spill the wind from their 10 underside, as a skipper slacks sheets to deaden his boat's headway, and the wonderful upward spiral flight began.

Over me sweeps my eagle in slow, majestic circles; ever returning upon his last course, yet ever higher than his last wheel, like a life with a great purpose in it; sliding 15 evenly upward on the wind's endless stairway as it slips from under him. Without hurry, without exertion, — just a twist of his wide-set wing quills, so slight that my eye can no longer notice it,— he swings upward; while the earth spreads wider and wider below him, and 20 rivers flash in the sun, like silver ribbons, across the green forest carpet that spreads away over mountain and valley to the farthest horizon.

Smaller and smaller grow the circles now, till the vast spiral reaches its apex, and he hangs there in the air, like a tiny humming bird poised over the earth's great flower cup. So high is he that one must think he glances 5 over the brim of things and sees our earth as a great bubble floating in the blue ether, with nothing whatever below it and only himself above. And there he stays, floating, balancing, swaying in the purring currents of air that hold him fast in their soft arms and brush his great 10 wings tenderly with a caress that never grows weary, like a great, strong mother holding her little child.

He had fed, he had drunk to the full from a mountain spring. Now he rested over the world that nourished him and his little ones, with his keen eyes growing sleepy, and 15 never a thought of harm to himself or any creature within his breast. For that is a splendid thing about all great creatures, even the fiercest of them: they are never cruel. They take only what they must to supply their necessities. When their wants are satisfied there is truce which they 20 never break. They live at peace with all things, small and great, and, in their dumb, unconscious way, answer to the deep harmony of the world which underlies all its superficial discords, as the music of the sea is never heard till one moves far away from the uproar along the shore.

From "School of the Woods."

slack sheets: loosens ropes.

AFTER DEATH

EDWIN ARNOLD

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD (1832-1904) was an English poet whose long residence in India made him familiar with Eastern legends. His most popular poem is "The Light of Asia."

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort faithful friends :

5



Faithful friends ! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow ;
And ye say, "Abdallah 's dead !"
Weeping at my feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers ;

10

Yet I smile, and whisper this,—
 “ I am not that thing you kiss ;
 Cease your tears and let it lie ;
 It was mine, it is not I.”

5 Sweet friends, what the women lave
 For the last sleep of the grave,
 Is a tent which I am quitting,
 Is a garment no more fitting,
 Is a cage from which, at last,
 10 Like a bird my soul hath passed.

What ye lift upon the bier
 Is not worth a wistful tear.
 'T is an empty seashell,— one
 Out of which the pearl is gone ;
 The shell is broken,— it lies there ;
 The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
 'T is an earthen jar whose lid
 Allah sealed, the while it hid
 That treasure of his treasury,
 20 A mind that loved him ; let it lie.
 Let the shard be earth's once more,
 Since the gold shines in his store.

Now the long, long darkness ends,
 Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,

While the man whom ye call "dead"
 In unspoken bliss instead
 Lives, and loves you; lost, 't is true,
 To the light which shines for you;
 But in light ye cannot see
 Of unfulfilled felicity,
 And enlarging paradise,
 Lives the life that never dies.

5

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
 Where I am ye too shall dwell.

10

I am gone before your face
 A moment's time, a little space.
 When ye come where I have stepped,
 Ye will wonder why ye wept;
 Ye will know, by wise love taught,
 That here is all and there is naught.
 Weep awhile if ye are fain,—
 Sunshine still must follow rain,—
 Only not at death; for death,
 Now I see, is that first breath
 Which our souls draw when we enter
 Life, which is of all life center.

15

20

He who died at Azan gave
 This to those who made his grave.

CHARACTER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

NOTE.—This address was delivered at the exercises held in memory of Lincoln at Concord, Mass., April 19, 1865.

The President stood before us as a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, 5 had never been spoiled by English insularity or French dissipation ; a quite native, aboriginal man, as an acorn from the oak ; no aping of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments, Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flat-boatman, a captain in the Black Hawk war, a country 10 lawyer, a representative in the rural legislature of Illinois ;—on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place ! . . .

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune 15 attended him. He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter ; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty, which 20 it was very easy for him to obey. Then he had what farmers call a long head ; was excellent in working out the sum for himself ; in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly.

Then it turned out that he was a great worker ; had prodigious faculty of performance ; worked easily. In a host of young men that start together and promise so many brilliant leaders for the next age, each fails on trial ; one by bad health, one by conceit, or by love of pleasure, or lethargy, or an ugly temper, — each has some disqualifying fault that throws him out of the career. But this man was sound to the core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labor, and liked nothing so well. . . .

Then his broad good humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret ; to meet every kind of man and every rank in society ; to take off the edge of the severest decisions ; to mask his own purpose and sound his companion ; and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed. And, more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the overdriven brain against rancor and insanity. 20

He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests ; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am 25 sure that if this man had ruled in a period of less facility in printing, he would have become mythological in a very

few years, like *Aesop* or *Pilpay*, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. . . .

What pregnant definitions ; what unerring common sense ; what foresight ; and, on great occasion, what 5 lofty, and, more than national, what humane tone ! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion. . . .

His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. 10 This middle-class country had got a middle-class President at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need. His mind mastered the problem of the day ; and as the problem grew, so did his 15 comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event.

In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the Babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what 20 the people wanted and how to obtain that.

It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no state secrets ; the nation has 25 been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befell.

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war. Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years,—four years of battle days,—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity,⁵ were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood an heroic figure in the center of an heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them;¹⁰ slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

15

insularity: narrowness and prejudice. From the first meaning, *the state of being an island*, we derive the secondary meaning, *the mental condition of those who live as on an island*. — **flatboatman**: a man working on a flatboat. This is a boat used for freight on the shallow Western rivers. — **the Black Hawk war**: an uprising of Indians, under the chief Black Hawk, in Illinois and the Wisconsin territory. — **A'sop**: a Greek writer of the sixth century B.C., who was renowned for his fables. — **Pilpay (pi'lpi)**: a Hindu writer of fables. — **Seven Wise Masters**: the seven wise men of Greece, who were distinguished for their wise maxims. They are supposed to have lived in the sixth century B.C. Little is known of any of these writers, and their very existence has been questioned. — **pregnant**: weighty. — **speech at Gettysburg**: an address delivered in 1863 at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg. — **Babel**: a scene of confusion. See Genesis xi. — **ferment**: agitation, tumult. This comes from a Latin word meaning boiling hot.

DOUGLAS AND MARMION

WALTER SCOTT

NOTE.—“Marmion” is ranked among the greatest of Scott’s longer poems. It is to be remembered that the great author first became famous as a poet, and that “Marmion” was published six years before the first of the Waverley Novels. Marmion, a haughty nobleman of Henry the 5 Eighth’s court, has been sent as an envoy to the Scottish king, who is said to be preparing for war. Arrived at Edinburgh, Marmion finds that his errand may be useless, as a herald has already been dispatched to King Henry. As it is his duty, however, to remain in Scotland as long as there is any hope of peace, he is given into the care of Douglas, Earl of Angus. 10 The war cloud draws nearer, and at last Marmion, eager for battle, makes ready to depart for the English camp at Flodden Field. Here this selection opens.

The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu.

15 “Though something I might ‘plain,’ he said,
“Of ‘cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King’s behest,
While in Tantallon’s towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
20 And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
“My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign’s will,



To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone,—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,

And "This to me!" he said,—
 "An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared

To cleave the Douglas' head!

5 And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
 He who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

10 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 (Nay, never look upon your lord
 And lay your hand upon your sword,)

I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!

15 And if thou saidst, I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
 20 O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
 Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?

25 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,
 The ponderous gate behind him rung:
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

5

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim:
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

10

train: procession.—adieu: farewell. The French *adieu*, like our *good-by*, is a commendation to the care of God,—à *Dieu* and *God be with you*.—something: somewhat.—plain: complain.—Tantal'lon: Douglas's castle. This Earl of Douglas was of an earlier generation than the Douglas of "The Lady of the Lake."—bowers: formerly, rooms.—lists: likes, chooses.—peer: equal. *Peer* also means nobleman (see twelve lines below); only men of distinguished birth were considered to be fit companions for the king.—an: this is an old conjunction, meaning if.—hold: stronghold.—to beard: to defy. Among the Jews it was considered a great affront to touch a man's beard.—unscathed: uninjured.—Saint Bride: a favorite saint of the house of Douglas.—portcul'lis: a sliding gate made of crossbars tipped with iron. It was hung on chains in the gateway of a castle, and when these chains were loosened, it fell by its own weight. The word comes from two French words meaning a gate and a groove.—row'el: the little wheel of a spur.—plume: feathers worn as ornaments.

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA ENTER GRANADA

W. H. PRESCOTT

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT (1796-1859) was an American historian whose brilliant success, like that of Parkman, was won under hard conditions of constant suffering and almost total blindness. Prescott's special subject was that of Spanish conquest and civilization.

5 NOTE.—Ferdinand was king of Aragon and Navarre, Isabella was heir to the throne of Castile. Their marriage united these three Spanish provinces; the fourth, Granada, was still in the hands of the Moors. (See note under "The Surrender of Granada," page 167.) The two sovereigns were untiring in their efforts to win back this most fertile and beautiful 10 of all the Spanish provinces, and at last they were successful. The royal city of Granada capitulated, and on the 2d of January, 1492, the king and queen entered its gates in triumph.

Every preparation was made by the Spaniards for performing this last act of the drama with suitable pomp 15 and effect. The mourning which the court had put on for the death of Prince Alonso of Portugal, occasioned by a fall from his horse a few months after his marriage with the infanta Isabella, was exchanged for gay and magnificent apparel.

20 On the morning of the 2d the whole Christian camp exhibited a scene of the most animated bustle. The grand cardinal Mendoza was sent forward at the head of a large detachment, comprehending his household troops and the veteran infantry, grown gray in the Moorish wars, to 25 occupy the Alhambra preparatory to the entrance of the sovereigns.

Ferdinand stationed himself at some distance in the rear, near an Arabian mosque, since consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. He was surrounded by his courtiers, with their stately retinues, glittering in gorgeous panoply, and proudly displaying the armorial bearings of 5 their ancient houses. The queen halted still farther in the rear, at the village of Armilla.

As the column under the grand cardinal advanced up the Hill of Martyrs, over which a road had been constructed for the passage of the artillery, he was met by 10 the Moorish prince Abdallah, attended by fifty cavaliers, who, descending the hill, rode up to the position occupied by Ferdinand on the banks of the Xenil.

As the Moor approached the Spanish king, he would have thrown himself from his horse and saluted his hand 15 in token of homage; but Ferdinand hastily prevented him, embracing him with every mark of sympathy and regard.

Abdallah then delivered up the keys of the Alhambra to his conqueror, saying, "They are thine, O king, since Allah so decrees it; use thy success with clemency and 20 moderation."

Ferdinand would have uttered some words of consolation to the unfortunate prince, but he moved forward with a dejected air to the spot occupied by Isabella, and, after similar acts of obeisance, passed on to join his family, who 25 had preceded him with his most valuable effects on the route to the Alpujarras.

The sovereigns during this time awaited with impatience the signal of the occupation of the city by the cardinal's troops, which, winding slowly along the outer circuit of the walls, as previously arranged, in order to spare the 5 feelings of the citizens as far as possible, entered what is now called the gate of Los Molinos.

In a short time the large silver cross borne by Ferdinand throughout the crusade was seen sparkling in the sun-beams, while the standards of Castile and St. Jago waved 10 triumphantly from the red towers of the Alhambra.

At this glorious spectacle the choir of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of the Te Deum, and the whole army, penetrated with deep emotion, prostrated themselves on their knees in adoration of the Lord of Hosts, 15 who had at length granted the consummation of their wishes, in this last and glorious triumph of the cross.

The grandees who surrounded Ferdinand then advanced toward the queen, and, kneeling down, saluted her hand in token of homage to her as sovereign of Granada. The 20 procession took up its march toward the city, "the king and queen moving in the midst," says an historian, "emblazoned with royal magnificence; and as they were in the prime of life, and had now achieved the completion of this glorious conquest, they seemed to represent even more than 25 their wonted majesty. Equal with each other, they were raised far above the rest of the world. They appeared, indeed, more than mortal, and as if sent by Heaven for the salvation of Spain."

In the meanwhile the Moorish king, traversing the route of the Alpujarras, reached a rocky eminence which commanded a last view of Granada. He checked his horse, and as his eye for the last time wandered over the scenes of his departed greatness, his heart swelled, and he burst 5 into tears. "You do well," said his more masculine mother, "to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man!"

"Alas!" exclaimed the unhappy exile, "when were woes ever equal to mine!" The scene of this event is 10 still pointed out to the traveler by the people of the district; and the rocky height from which the Moorish chief took his sad farewell of the princely abodes of his youth is commemorated by the poetical title of "The Last Sigh of the Moor." 15

[Notice in comparing this with Bulwer Lytton's "Surrender of Granada," on page 161, the different ways in which a novelist and an historian treat the same subject.]

infanta: princess. — **Mendo'za** (tha): called "the grand cardinal." He was a famous Spanish statesman who distinguished himself in the Moorish war. He is sometimes confounded with Mendoza, the Spanish historian, who belonged to the next century. — **Armilla** (ar-mé'l'ya): a Spanish village. — **Abdal'lah**: Boabdil. See "Surrender of Granada." — the **Alhambra**: the royal palace and fortress. — **St. Sebastian**: a Christian martyr of the third century. — **armorial bearings**: devices worn upon shields. — the **Alpujarras** (äl-poo-här'räs): a mountainous region of Granada. — **Los Molinos** (lös mol-é'nos): the mills. — **St. Jago** (yä'go): Santiago or St. James, the patron saint of Spain. — the **red towers**: *Alhambra* is Arabic for "the red." The name is derived from the color of the sun-dried bricks of which the outer walls are built.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

SIDNEY LANIER

NOTE.—This poem, which was published anonymously, attracted immediate attention by its exquisite word painting, its beautiful imagery, and especially by its musical quality. Notice such lines as "While the riotous noonday sun of the June day long did shine," "The vast, sweet visage 5 of space," "Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight," and "Tolerant plains, that suffer the seas and the rain and the sun."

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,
While the riotous noonday sun of the June day long did
shine

Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine ;
10 But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream, —
Aye, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of
the oak,
15 And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome
sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me
of yore

When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bit-
terness sore,

And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable
pain

Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face

 The vast, sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,

Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the
dawn,

For a mete and a mark

 To the forest dark : —

5

So :

Affable live oak, leaning low,—

Thus — with your favor — soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, lord of the land !)

Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand

15

On the firm-packed sand,

 Free

By a world of marsh, that borders a world of sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmer-
ing band

Of the sand beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the 20
folds of the land.

Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
 Softly the sand beach wavers away to a dim gray looping
 of light.

And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods
 stands high?

The world lies east: how ample the marsh and the sea and
 the sky!

5 A league and a league of marsh grass, waist-high, broad in
 the blade,

Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a
 shade,

Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
 To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?

10 Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
 From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
 By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
 marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to
 the sea!

15 Tolerant plains, that suffer the seas and the rain and the
 sun,

Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
 mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
 And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
 Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God !
 I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh hen flies 5
 In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh
 and the skies :

By so many roots as the marsh grass sends in the sod
 I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God :
 Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
 The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn. 10

And the sea lends large, as the marsh : lo, out of his
 plenty the sea

Pours fast : full soon the time of the flood tide must be :
 Look how the grace of the sea doth go
 About and about through the intricate channels that flow
 Here and there, 15
 Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the
 low-lying lanes,

And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
 That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
 In the rose-and-silver evening glow. 20

Farewell, my lord Sun !

The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run

'Twixt the roots of the sod ; the blades of the marsh grass
stir ;

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whir ;
Passeth, and all is still ; and the currents cease to run ;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

5 How still the plains of the waters be !
The tide is in his ecstasy ;
The tide is at its highest height :
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
10 Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep ?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when
the tide comes in
15 On the length and the breadth of the marvelous marshes
of Glynn.

Glynn: a county of Georgia bordering on the ocean. — *live oak*: a species of oak found near the Atlantic coasts of the Southern states and along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. It is a valuable timber tree, having tough, close-grained wood, which is extremely durable. Live oaks often attain a great size, and when draped with Spanish moss have a truly venerable aspect. — *catholic man*: a liberal, broad-minded man.

THE CARRONADE

VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885) was a famous French writer, who was the author of many powerful novels, poems, and plays.

NOTE.—This scene occurs in the opening chapters of a story of the French Revolution, called "Ninety-Three." The vessel is an English man-of-war, masquerading as a merchantman. 5

A frightful thing had just happened ; one of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pound cannon, had become loose.

This is perhaps the most dreadful thing that can take place at sea. Nothing more terrible can happen to a ¹⁰ man-of-war under full sail.

A cannon that breaks loose from its fastenings is suddenly transformed into a supernatural beast. It is a monster developed from a machine. This mass rolls along on its wheels as easily as a billiard ball ; it rolls ¹⁵ with the rolling, pitches with the pitching, comes and goes, stops and seems to meditate, begins anew, darts like an arrow from one end of the ship to the other, whirls around, turns aside, evades, rears, hits out, crushes, kills, exterminates. 20

It has the air of having lost its patience, and of taking a mysterious, dull revenge. The mad mass leaps like a panther ; it has the weight of an elephant, the agility of

a mouse, the obstinacy of an ax ; it takes one by surprise like the surge of the sea ; it flashes like lightning ; it is deaf as the tomb ; it weighs ten thousand pounds, and it bounds like a child's ball. How can one guard
5 against these terrible gyrations ?

The ship had within its depths, so to speak, imprisoned lightning struggling to escape ; something like the rumbling of thunder during an earthquake. In an instant the crew were on their feet. Brave men though they
10 were, they paused, silent, pale, and undecided, looking down at the gun deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended. It was their passenger, the peasant, the man about whom they had been talking a minute ago.

15 Having reached the foot of the ladder he halted. The cannon was rolling to and fro on the gun deck. A dim wavering of lights and shadows was added to this spectacle by the marine lantern swinging under the deck. The outlines of the cannon were becoming indistinguish-
20 able by reason of the rapidity of its motion ; sometimes it looked black when the light shone upon it, then again it would cast pale, glimmering reflections in the darkness.

It was still pursuing its work of destruction. It had
25 already shattered four other pieces, and made two breaches in the ship's side, fortunately above the water line. It rushed frantically against the timbers ; the stout riders

resisted,—curved timbers have great strength; but one could hear them crack under this tremendous assault. The whole ship was filled with the tumult.

The captain, who had rapidly recovered his self-possession, had given orders to throw down the hatchway all 5



that could abate the rage and check the mad onslaught of this infuriated gun,—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, and bales of false assignats. But what availed these rags? No one dared to go down to arrange them and in a few moments they were reduced to lint. 10 Meanwhile the havoc increased. The mizzenmast was

split and even the mainmast was damaged by the convulsive blows of the cannon. The fractures in the side grew larger and the ship began to leak.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun deck, 5 looked like one carved in stone, as he stood motionless at the foot of the ladder. Suddenly, as the escaped cannon was tossing from side to side, a man appeared, grasping an iron bar. It was the chief gunner, whose criminal negligence was the cause of the catastrophe. Having 10 brought about the evil, he now intended to repair it. Holding a handspike in one hand, and in the other a rope with a noose in it, he had jumped through the hatch-way to the deck below.

Then began a terrible struggle; a contest between mind 15 and matter; a duel between man and the inanimate. The man stood in one corner holding in his hands the bar and the rope; calm, livid, and tragic, he stood firmly on his legs that were like two pillars of steel. He was waiting for the cannon to approach him.

20 The gunner knew his piece, and he felt as if it must know him. They had lived together a long time. How often had he put his hand into its mouth! He began to talk to it as he would to a dog. "Come," said he. Possibly he loved it.

25 When, in the act of accepting this awful hand-to-hand struggle, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, it happened that the surging sea held the gun motionless

for an instant, as if stupefied. "Come on!" said the man. It seemed to listen. Suddenly it leaped toward him. The man dodged. Then the struggle began,— a contest unheard-of ; the human warrior attacking the brazen beast ; blind force on one side, soul on the other. It was 5 as if a gigantic insect of iron was endowed with the will of a demon. Now and then this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun deck, then falling back on its four wheels, like a tiger on all fours, would rush upon the man. He — supple, agile, adroit — writhed 10 like a serpent before these lightning movements.

A piece of broken chain remained attached to the car-
ronade ; one end was fastened to the gun carriage ; the other end thrashed wildly around, aggravating the danger with every bound of the cannon. The screw held it as in 15 a clenched hand, and this chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering ram by those of the thong, made a terrible whirlwind around the gun,— a lash of iron in a fist of brass. The chain complicated the combat.

Despite all this, the man fought. Suddenly the can- 20 non seemed to say to itself, Now, then, there must be an end to this. And it stopped. A crisis was felt to be at hand. All at once it hurled itself upon the gunner, who sprang aside with a laugh as the cannon passed him. Then, as though blind and beside itself, it turned from 25 the man and rolled from stern to stem, splintering the latter and causing a breach in the walls of the prow.

The gunner took refuge at the foot of the ladder, a short distance from the old man, who stood watching. Without taking the trouble to turn, the cannon rushed backward on the man, as swift as the blow of an ax.

5 The gunner, if driven against the side of the ship, would be lost. A cry arose from the crew.

The old passenger, — who until this moment had stood motionless, sprang forward more swiftly than all those mad whirls. He had seized a bale of false assignats, and

10 at the risk of being crushed succeeded in throwing it between the wheels of the carronade.

The bale had the effect of a plug. The carronade stumbled, and the gunner thrust his iron bar between the spokes of the back wheels. Pitching forward, the cannon

15 stopped ; and the man, using his bar for a lever, rocked it backward and forward. The heavy mass upset, with the resonant sound of a bell that crashes in its fall. The man flung himself upon it and passed the slip noose round the neck of the defeated monster.

20 The combat was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had overcome the mastodon ; the pygmy had imprisoned the thunderbolt.

Abridged.

carronade : a short iron cannon, originally made in Carron, Scotland. — **riders** : timbers put in to strengthen the frame of a ship. — **assignats** : a kind of paper money issued by France during the Revolution, and representing confiscated land to be assigned to the holders of such certificates. — **stem** : the bow of a vessel.

EARLY CONQUESTS

JOHN FISKE

If we look back for a moment to the primitive stages of society, we may picture to ourselves the surface of the earth sparsely and scantily covered with wandering tribes of savages, rude in morals and manners, narrow in experience, sustaining life very much as lower animals sustain ⁵ it, by gathering wild fruits or slaying wild game, and waging chronic warfare alike with beasts and with men.

In the widest sense the subject of political history is the description of the processes by which, under favorable circumstances, innumerable such primitive tribes have ¹⁰ become welded together into mighty nations, with elevated standards of morals and manners, with wide and varied experience, sustaining life and ministering to human happiness by elaborate arts and sciences, and putting a curb upon warfare by limiting its scope, diminishing its cruelty, ¹⁵ and interrupting it by intervals of peace.

The story, as laid before us in the records of three thousand years, is fascinating and absorbing in its human interest for those who content themselves with the study of its countless personal incidents and neglect its profound ²⁰ philosophical lessons. But for those who study it in the scientific spirit, the human interest of its details becomes still more intensely fascinating and absorbing.

Battles and coronations, poems and inventions, migrations and martyrdoms, acquire new meanings and awaken new emotions as we begin to discern their bearings upon the solemn work of ages that is slowly winning for

5 humanity a richer and more perfect life. By such meditation upon men's thoughts and deeds is the understanding purified, till we become better able to comprehend our relations to the world and the duty that lies upon each of us to shape his conduct rightly.

10 In the welding together of primitive shifting tribes into stable and powerful nations, we seem to discern three different methods that have been followed at different times and places, with widely different results.

The first of these methods, which has been followed

15 from time immemorial in the Oriental world, may be roughly described as *conquest without incorporation*. A tribe grows to national dimensions by conquering and annexing its neighbors, without admitting them to a share in its political life.

20 Probably there is always at first some incorporation, or even perhaps some crude germ of federative alliance; but this goes very little way,—only far enough to fuse together a few closely related tribes, agreeing in speech and habits, into a single great tribe that can overwhelm

25 its neighbors. In early society this sort of incorporation cannot go far without being stopped by some impassable barrier of language or religion.

After reaching that point, the conquering tribe simply annexes its neighbors and makes them its slaves. It becomes a superior caste, ruling over vanquished peoples, whom it oppresses with frightful cruelty, while living on the fruits of their toil in what has been aptly termed 5 Oriental luxury. Such has been the origin of many Eastern despots in the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates, and elsewhere.

Such a political structure admits of a very considerable development of material civilization, in which gorgeous 10 palaces and artistic temples may be built, and perhaps even literature and scholarship rewarded, with money wrung from millions of toiling wretches. There is that sort of brutal strength in it, that it may endure for many long ages, until it comes into collision with some 15 higher civilization. Then it is likely to end in sudden collapse, because the fighting quality of the people has been destroyed.

Populations that have lived for centuries in fear of impalement or crucifixion, and have known no other des- 20 tination for the products of their labor than the clutches of the omnipresent taxgatherer, are not likely to furnish good soldiers. A handful of freemen will scatter them like sheep, as the Greeks did twenty-three centuries ago at Kynaxa, as the English did the other day at Tel-el-Kebir. 25

On the other hand, where the manliness of the vanquished people is not crushed, the sway of the conquerors

who cannot enter into political union with them is likely to be cast off, as in the case of the Moors in Spain.

There was a civilization in many respects admirable. It was eminent for industry, science, art, and poetry ; its annals are full of romantic interest ; it was in some respects superior to the Christian system which supplanted it ; in many ways it contributed largely to the progress of the human race ; and it was free from some of the worst vices of Oriental civilization.

10 Yet because of the fundamental defect that between the Christian Spaniard and his Mussulman conqueror there could be no political fusion, this brilliant civilization was doomed.

During eight centuries of more or less extensive rule 15 in the Spanish peninsula, the Moor was from first to last an alien, just as after four centuries the Turk is still an alien in the Balkan peninsula.

The natural result was a struggle that lasted age after age, till it ended in the utter extermination of one of the 20 parties, and left behind it a legacy of hatred and persecution that has made the history of modern Spain a dismal record of shame and disaster.

Kynaxa : often written Cunaxa. Here, in 401 B.C., the immense Persian army was put to flight by a much smaller force. **Tel-el-Kebir** : a town in Egypt. Here, in 1882, General Wolseley, at the head of English forces, won a victory over Arabi Pasha, who was the leader of a popular revolt against the power of France and England in Egypt.

A DAKOTA WHEAT FIELD

HAMLIN GARLAND

HAMLIN GARLAND is an American novelist and poet. He has written mainly of the West.

Like liquid gold the wheat field lies,
 A marvel of yellow and russet and green,
 That ripples and runs, that floats and flies, 5
 With the subtle shadows, the change, the sheen,
 That play in the golden hair of a girl,—

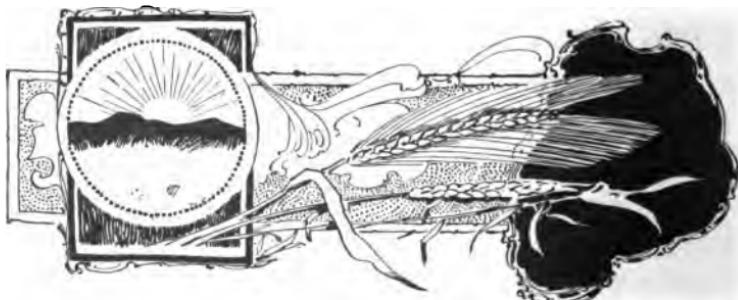
A ripple of amber—a flare
 Of light sweeping after—a curl
 In the hollows like swirling feet
 Of fairy waltzers, the colors run 10
 To the western sun
 Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

Broad as the fleckless, soaring sky,
 Mysterious, fair as the moon-led sea,
 The vast plain flames on the dazzled eye 15
 Under the fierce sun's alchemy.

The slow hawk stoops
 To his prey in the deeps;
 The sunflower droops
 To the lazy wave; the wind sleeps. 20
 Then all in dazzling links and loops,

A riot of shadow and shine,
 A glory of olive and amber and wine,
 To the westering sun the colors run
 Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

5 O glorious land ! My Western land,
 Outspread beneath the setting sun !
 Once more amid your swells I stand,
 And cross your sod lands dry and dun.
 I hear the jocund calls of men
 10 Who sweep amid the ripened grain
 With swift, stern reapers, once again.
 The evening splendor floods the plain.
 The crickets' chime
 Makes pauseless rhyme,
 15 And toward the sun
 The splendid colors ramp and run
 Before the wind's feet
 In the wheat !



MR. PICKWICK'S SLIDE

CHARLES DICKENS

NOTE.—Mr. Pickwick and his friends are spending the Christmas holidays with Mr. Wardle, who has taken them out on the ice to entertain them. See "On the Muggleton Coach," page 201.

Meanwhile Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were exercising themselves 5 thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise, does n't it ?" he inquired 10 of Wardle.

"Ah, it does indeed !" replied Wardle. "Do you slide ?"

"I used to do so on the gutters when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

15

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick !" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I have n't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh ! pooh ! Nonsense !" said Wardle, dragging off 20 his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here ; I 'll keep you company ; come along !" And away went the good-tempered old fellow

down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, 5 balked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

“Keep the pot a-bilin’, sir!” said Sam ; and down went 10 Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other’s heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life 15 depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony ; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the 20 imminent hazard of tripping him up ; to see him gradually expend the painful force he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face toward the point from which he had started ; to contemplate the joyful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished 25 the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow and



his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round) it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold 5 him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart 10 crack was heard. There was a quick rush toward the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pick- 15 wick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance, while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest pos- 20 sible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment, when Mr. Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water and 25 disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

“Yes, do ; let me implore you — for my sake !” roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary, the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else’s sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so ⁵ for his own.

“Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow ?” said Wardle.

“Yes, certainly,” replied Mr. Pickwick, gasping for breath. “I fell upon my back. I could n’t get on my ¹⁰ feet at first.”

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick’s coat as was yet visible, bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement ; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy’s suddenly recollecting that the ¹⁵ water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing and cracking and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position and once more stood on dry land. ²⁰

“Oh ! he ’ll catch his death of cold,” said Emily.

“Dear old thing !” said Arabella. “Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick.”

“Ah, that ’s the best thing you can do,” said Wardle ; “and when you ’ve got it on, run home as fast as your legs ²⁵ can carry you and jump into bed directly.”

Abridged.

ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER CÆSAR'S BODY

J. A. FROUDE

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (1818-1894) was an English historian. His "History of England" cast a new light upon many events and persons.

NOTE.—In the year 45 B.C. Cæsar had returned to Rome a triumphant general, and had been appointed dictator. His increasing power alarmed some of the more republican Romans. Among them was Cassius. He argued that the liberties of Rome were in danger, and he thus persuaded Brutus to take part in a crime which they believed would make Rome free. Cæsar was assassinated by men whom he considered his friends, March 15, 44 B.C. Antony was permitted, by the courtesy of Brutus, to deliver the 10 funeral oration. Froude gives this version of Antony's speech.

Power in most men has brought their faults to light. Power in Cæsar brought into prominence his excellences. Prosperity did not make him insolent, for it gave him a sphere which corresponded to his nature. His first services 15 in Spain deserved a triumph; of his laws I could speak forever. His campaigns in Gaul are known to you all. That land from which the Teutons and Cimbri poured over the Alps is now as well ordered as Italy. Cæsar would have added Germany and Britain to your empire, 20 but his enemies would not have it so.

They regarded the commonwealth as the patrimony of themselves. They brought him home. They went on with their usurpations till you yourselves required his help. He set you free. He set Spain free. He labored 25 for peace with Pompey, but Pompey preferred to go into

Greece, to bring the powers of the East upon you, and he perished in his obstinacy.

Cæsar took no honor to himself for this victory. He abhorred the necessity of it. He took no revenge. He was sorry for Pompey's death, and he treated his murderers 5 as they deserved. He settled Egypt and Armenia. He would have disposed of the Parthians had not fresh seditions recalled him to Italy. He quelled those seditions. He restored peace in Africa and Spain, and again his one desire was to spare his fellow-citizens. 10

There was in him an "inbred goodness." He was always the same,—never carried away by anger, and never spoilt by success. He did not retaliate for the past, he never tried by severity to secure himself for the future. His effort throughout was to save all who would 15 allow themselves to be saved. He repaired old acts of injustice. He restored the families of those who had been proscribed by Sulla, but he burnt unread the correspondence of Pompey and Scipio, that those whom it compromised might neither suffer injury nor fear injury. 20

You honored him as your father; you loved him as your benefactor; you made him chief of the state, not being curious of titles, but regarding the most which you could give as less than he had deserved at your hands. . . . To you he was Consul; to the army he 25 was Imperator; to the enemies of his country Dictator. In sum he was *Pater Patriæ*.

ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE ON THE
DEATH OF CÆSAR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

NOTE.—Every student of Shakespeare is familiar with the ringing words of Mark Antony's famous speech. They are as fine an example of the rhetorical figure of irony as English literature furnishes. Antony has been permitted to speak by those whom he hates and distrusts. It is in his heart to inflame the people against these men, but he must be careful 5 to utter no word of protest or rebellion, lest his opportunity be taken from him. So, under the mask of simple grief for Cæsar's death, Antony contrives to fill the minds of his hearers with "mutiny and rage," without uttering a single charge against the conspirators.

In reading this selection orally the effect is heightened by giving no 10 ironical inflection to the words "For Brutus is an honorable man," until they are reiterated.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

15

The good is oft interrèd with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

20

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

25

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

5 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

10 You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

15 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withdraws you then to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

20 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me. . . .

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

25 And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honorable men :
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.

8



But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;
 I found it in his closet, 't is his will :
 Let but the commons hear this testament —
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds 10
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 Unto their issue. . . .

5 *All.* The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 10 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave. [*ANTONY comes down.*]

15 *Fourth Cit.* A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.

20 *Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii:

25 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;

And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel : 5
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ; 10
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, 15
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here, 20
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle !

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar !

Third Cit. O woeful day !

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains ! 25

First Cit. O most bloody sight !

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

5 *Sec. Cit.* We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:

10 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;

15 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

20 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

25 Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny.

First Cit. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators. 5

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony !

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not : I must tell you, then : 10

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will ! Let 's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar 's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas. 15

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar ! We 'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, 20
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ? 25

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away !

We 'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

5 *Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt CITIZENS with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

to bury Cæsar: Shakespeare uses the phrase of his own country. In Rome bodies were burned, not buried.—**answered:** atoned for.—**the general coffers:** the public treasury.—**on the Lu'percal:** during the feast of Lupercus, a Roman god.—**parchment:** this word comes from Pergamus, a city in Asia Minor, where skins of sheep and goats were first prepared for use as writing material.—**the commons:** the common people. Roman citizens were divided into two classes, the patricians or aristocrats, and the plebeians or the commons.—**testament:** will.—**napkins:** handkerchiefs.—**issue:** children.—**hearse:** bier.—**Nervii:** “the bravest warriors of all the Belgæ.” Cæsar's conquest of them was the most glorious victory of his campaign.—**Cassius, Casca, Brutus:** the chief conspirators.—**As rushing:** as if rushing.—**resolved:** convinced.—**most unkindest:** this use of a double superlative was common until after the days of Queen Elizabeth.—**statua:** statue.—**dint:** power. This word meant originally a blow: then the mark of a blow: and now force or strength, as when we say “by dint of.”—**about:** about face! let us be off!—**let me not stir you up:** Antony knows that his own self-restraint and his appeal to the hearts of the people are his surest weapons.—**wit:** mental ability. The word meant originally the power to know. Its present meaning is much narrower.—**every several man:** an emphatic phrase like our “each individual man.”—**seventy-five drachmas:** about eleven dollars.—**On this side Tiber:** Shakespeare was mistaken. Cæsar's gardens were across the Tiber.—**walk abroad:** supply *in*.—**forms:** benches.—**ex'eunt:** they go out (Latin).

THE JOY OF THE HILLS¹

EDWIN MARKHAM

EDWIN MARKHAM (1852-) is an American poet, educator, and reformer.

I ride on the mountain tops, I ride;
 I have found my life and am satisfied;
 Onward I ride in the blowing oats,
 Checking the field lark's rippling notes—
 5
 Lightly I sweep

From steep to steep;
 Over my head through the branches high
 Come glimpses of a rushing sky;
 The tall oats brush my horse's flanks;
 Wild poppies crowd on the sunny banks;
 A bee booms out of the scented grass;
 A jay laughs with me as I pass.

10

10

15

I ride on the hills, I forgive, I forget
 Life's hoard of regret—
 All the terror and pain
 Of the chafing chain.
 Grind on, O cities, grind,
 I leave you a blur behind.
 20
 I am lifted elate— the skies expand:

20

¹ From "The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems," published by McClure, Phillips & Co. Copyrighted, 1899, by Edwin Markham.

Here the world's heaped gold is a pile of sand.
 Let them weary and work in their narrow walls.
 I ride with the voices of waterfalls !
 I swing as one in a dream — I swing
 5 Down the airy hollows, I shout, I sing !
 The world is gone like an empty word !
 My body 's a bough in the wind, my heart a bird !

THE MELANCHOLY NIGHT

LEW WALLACE

GENERAL LEWIS WALLACE is a popular American writer. "Ben Hur" is his best-known book.

10 **NOTE.** — "The melancholy night" (July 1, 1520) is famous in history. Cortes, with his soldiers, was attempting to leave the city when he was attacked by the natives and his force reduced to a third of its original number. This selection is taken from "The Fair God."

At sunset a cold wind blew from the north, followed by
 15 a cloud which filled the valley with mist; soon the mist turned to rain; then the rain turned to night, and the night to deepest blackness.

The Christians, thinking only of escape from the city, saw the change of weather with sinking hearts. With
 20 one voice they had chosen the night as most favorable for the movement, but they had in mind then a semidarkness warmed by south winds and brilliant with stars; not a time like this so unexpectedly come upon them,—tempest added to gloom, icy wind splashing the earth with icy water.

Under the walls the sentinels cowered shivering and listening, and, as is the habit of wanderers surrounded by discomforts and miseries, musing of their homes so far away, and of the path thither,—on the land so beset, on the sea so viewless. Recalled to present duty, they saw 5 nothing but the fires of the nearest temple faintly iridescent, and heard only the moans of the blast and the patterning of the rain, always so in harmony with the spirit when it is oppressed by loneliness and danger.

Meantime the final preparation for retreat went on 10 with the completeness of discipline.

About the close of the second watch of the night, Cortes, with his personal attendants,—page, equerry, and secretaries,—left his chamber and proceeded to the eastern gate, where he could best receive reports and 15 assure himself, as the divisions filed past him, that the column was formed as he had ordered. The superstructure of the gate offered him shelter; but he stood out, bridle in hand, his back to the storm. There he waited, grimly silent, absorbed in reflections gloomy as the night itself. 20

Everything incident to the preparation which required light had been done before the day expired; outside the house, therefore, there was not a spark to betray the movement to the enemy; in fact, nothing to betray it except the beat of horses' hoofs and the rumble of gun 25 carriages, and they were nigh drowned by the tempest. If the saints would but help him clear of the streets of

the city, would help him to the causeway even, without bringing the infidels upon him, sword and lance would win the rest; so the leader prayed and trusted the while he waited. . . .

5 A body of men crossing the courtyard attracted Cortes; then four horsemen approached and stopped before him.

“Is it thou, Sandoval?” he asked.

“Yes, Señor.”

“And thy following, Sandoval?”

10 “The cavaliers of Narvaez whom thou gavest me, one hundred chosen soldiers, and the Tlascalans to the number thou didst order.”

“Good! Lead out of the gate, and halt after making what thou deemest room for the other divisions. Christ
15 and St. James go with thee!”

“Amen!” responded the horseman.

And so the vanguard passed him,—a long succession of shadowy files that he heard rather than saw. Hardly were they gone when another body approached, led by an
20 officer on foot.

“Who art thou?” asked Cortes.

“Magarino,” the man replied.

“Whom have you?”

“One hundred and fifty Christians and four hundred
25 Tlascalans.”

“And the bridge?”

“We have it here.”

“As thou lovest life and honor, captain, heed well thine orders. Move on and join thyself to Sandoval.”

The bridge spoken of was a portable platform of hewn plank bolted to a frame of stout timbers, designed to pass the column over the three canals, which, in the sally of 5 the afternoon, had been found to be bridgeless. If the canals were as deep as had been reported, well might Magarino be charged with particular care.

In the order of march next came the center or main body, Cortes' immediate command. The baggage was in 10 their charge, also the greater part of the artillery, making of itself a long train, and one of vast interest; for, though in the midst of a confession of failure, the leader did not abate his intention of conquest,—such was a peculiarity of his genius. . . . 15

Then Cortes mounted his horse, and took his shield, and to his wrist chained his battle-ax; still he waited. A company of horsemen brushed past him, followed by a solitary rider.

“Leon!” said Cortes. 20

The cavalier stopped, and replied, “What wouldst thou, señor?”

“Are the guards withdrawn?”

“All of them.”

“And the sentinels?” 25

“I have been to every post; not a man is left.”

Cortes spoke to his attendants and they, too, rode

off; when they were gone he said to Leon, "Now we may go."

And with that together they passed out into the street. Cortes turned and looked toward the palace, now deserted; but the night seemed to have snatched the pile away and in its place left a blackened void. Fugitive as he was, riding he knew not to what end, he settled in his saddle again with a sigh — not for the old house itself nor for the comfort of its roof nor for the refuge in time of danger; not for the Christian dead reposing in its gardens, their valor wasted and their graves abandoned, nor for that other victim there sacrificed in his cause, whose weaknesses might not be separated from a thousand services, and a royalty superbly Eastern: these were things to wake the emotions of youths and maidens, young in the world, and of poets, dreamy and simple-minded; he sighed for the power he had there enjoyed, — the weeks and months when his word was law for an empire of shadowy vastness, and he was master, in fact, of a king of kings, — immeasurable power now lost, apparently forever.

Abridged.

Cortes (kôr'tez): a daring Spanish soldier who invaded and conquered Mexico in 1519-1520. — **Sandoval**: pronounced sän-dô-väl'. — **Señor** (séñör'): sir. — **Narvaez** (nar-vä'ëth): a Spanish commander who had attempted to force Cortes to give up his command. — **Tlascala** (tläsh-kä'lä) was a Mexican republic hostile to Montezuma. Its inhabitants were powerful allies of Cortes. — **St. James**: the patron saint of Spain. — **Magarino**: pronounced mä-gä-ré'nô. — **that other victim**: Montezuma, ruler over an extensive empire, who had perished the day before by the hands of his own rebellious subjects.

FEEDING THE BIRDS

HENRY HARLAND

HENRY HARLAND (1861—) is an English novelist whose books are excellent examples of romantic fiction. This selection is taken from "The Lady Paramount."

She led him down a long, wide pathway bordered on each side by hedges in full blossom. The path ended in 5 an arbor roofed and walled with rose vines; and herein were garden chairs and a table.

"Shall we sit here a little?" proposed Susanna.

She put down her sunshade and they established themselves under the roof of roses. On the table stood a 10 Chinese vase, red and gold, with a dragon-handled cover.

"Oh, the fragrance of the roses!" said Susanna. "How do they do it? A pinch of sunshine, a drop or two of dew, a puff of air, a handful of brown earth,—and out of these they distill what seems as if it were the very smell 15 of heaven."

But she spoke in tones noticeably hushed, as if fearing to be overheard.

Anthony looked round.

A moment ago there had not been a bird in sight, though, 20 of course, the day was thridded through and through with the notes of those who were out of sight. But now, in the path before the arbor, there must have been a score of birds,—three or four sparrows, a pair of chaffinches,

and then greenfinches, greenfinches, greenfinches. They were all facing expectantly toward the arbor, hopping toward it, hesitating, hopping on again, coming nearer, nearer.

5 Susanna, moving softly, lifted the dragon-handled cover from the Chinese vase. It was full of birdseed.



“Ah, I see,” said Anthony. “Pensioners. But I suppose you have reflected that to give alms to the able-bodied is to pauperize them.”

10 “Hush!” she whispered, scorning his economics. “Please make yourself invisible, and be quiet.”

Then, taking a handful of seed and leaning forward, softly, softly she began to intone,—

Tu-ite, tu-ite,
Come, come ;
Tu-ite, tu-ite,
Come, come !

and so over and over again. 5

And the birds, hesitating, gaining confidence, holding back, hopping on, came nearer, nearer. A few, the boldest, entered the arbor . . . they all entered . . . they hesitated, hung back, hopped on. Now they were at her feet ; now three were in her lap ; others were on the table. On 10 the table, in her lap, at her feet, she scattered seed. Then she took a second handful, and softly, softly, to a sort of lullaby tune, —

Perlino, Perlino !
Where is Perlino ?
Come, Perlino ! 15

she sang, her open hand extended.

A greenfinch flew up to the table, flew down to her knee, flew up to her shoulder, flew down to her hand, and, perching on her thumb, began to feed. 20

And she went on with her soft, soft intoning.

This is Perlino,
So green, oh, so green, oh !
He is the bravest heart,
The sweetest singer, of them all. 25
I'm obliged to impart my information
In the form of a chant ;
For if I were to speak it out, prose-wise,
They would be frightened, they would fly away.

But I hope you admire
 My fine contempt for rhyme and rhythm.
 Would you or could you have believed,
 If you had n't seen it,
 5 That these wild birds,
 Not the sparrows only,
 But the shy, shy finches,
 Could become so tame, so fearless?
 Oh, it took time — and patience.
 10 One had to come every day,
 At the same hour,
 And sit very still,
 And softly, softly,
 Monotonously, monotonously,
 15 Croon, croon, croon,
 As I am crooning now.
 At first one cast the seed
 At a distance —
 Then nearer, nearer,
 20 Till at last —
 Well, you see the result.

Her eyes laughed, but she was very careful not to move.
 Anthony, blotted against the leafy wall behind him, sat as
 still as a statue. Her red lips, smiling, took delicious
 25 curves. And the hand on which Perlino perched, with
 its slender fingers, its soft modeling, its warm whiteness,
 was like a thing carved of rose marble and made alive.

And Perlino,
 30 she resumed her chant, —
 is the bravest of them all.
 And now that he has made an end

Of his handful of seed,
 I hope he will be so good
 As to favor us with a little music.
 Sometimes he will,
 And sometimes he just obstinately won't. 5
 Tu-ite, tu-ite, tu-ite !
 Come, come, Perlino, tu-ite !
 Sing, if it please you, sing !

And after some further persuasion,—you will suspect me of romancing, but upon my word,—Perlino consented. 10
 Clinging to Susanna's thumb, he threw back his head, opened his bill, and poured forth his crystal song,—a thin, bright, crystal rill, swift-flowing, winding in delicate volutions. And how his green little bosom throbbed !

“Is n’t it incredible ?” Susanna whispered. “It is 15 wonderful to feel him. His whole body is beating like a heart.”

And when his song was finished she bent toward him, and—never, never so softly—touched the top of his green head with her lips. 20

“And now fly away, birdlings, back to your affairs,” she said. “Good-by until to-morrow.”

She rose, and there was an instant whir of fluttering wings.

“Shall we walk ?” she said to Anthony. She shook 25 her frock to dust the last grains of birdseed from it. “If we stay here, they will think there is more to come ; and they ’ve had quite sufficient for one day.”

She put up her sunshade and they turned back into the pathway.

“ You find me speechless,” said Anthony. “ Of course, it has n’t really happened. But how — how do you produce so strong an illusion of reality ? I could have sworn I saw a greenfinch feeding from your hand. I could have sworn I saw him cling there, and heard him sing his song.”

Susanna, under her white sunshade, laughed softly, victoriously.

10 “ Speaking with all moderation,” he declared, “ it is the most marvelous performance I have ever witnessed. If it had been a sparrow, or a pigeon, but a greenfinch !”

“ There are very few birds that can’t be tamed,” she said. “ You have only to familiarize them with your presence at a certain spot at a certain hour, and keep very still, and be very, very gentle in your movements, and croon to them, and bring them food. I have tamed wilder birds than greenfinches, in Italy ; I have tamed goldfinches, blackcaps, and even an oriole. And if you have once 20 tamed a bird, and made him your friend, he never forgets you. Season after season when he returns from his migration, he recognizes you and takes up the friendship where it was put down. Until at last ” — her voice sank, and she shook her head — “ there comes a season when he 25 returns no more.”

Abridged.

chaffinches, greenfinches : European singing birds. — *tu-ite* (tū-ēt') : an imitation of a bird call. — *Perlino* : pronounced pēr-lē'nō.

THE TAJ MAHAL

BAYARD TAYLOR

BAYARD TAYLOR was an American traveler, writer, and poet, who was born in Pennsylvania in 1825. He always liked travel and adventure, and his love for books was as great as his love for the out-of-door world. Many of his books are descriptive of his travels. He lived much in Germany, part of the time as United States minister. He died in Berlin 5 in 1878.

NOTE.—The Taj Mahal (tāzh mà-häl') is a beautiful structure built by an Indian emperor of the seventeenth century as a monument to his favorite queen. It stands in Agra, which was for many years the seat of the Mohammedan government in India. 10

The history and associations of the Taj Mahal are entirely poetic. It is a work inspired by Love, and consecrated to Beauty. Shah Jehan erected it as a mausoleum over his queen. She is reputed to have been a woman of surpassing beauty, and of great wit and intelligence. Shah Jehan was inconsolable for her loss, and has immortalized her memory in a poem, the tablets of which are marble and the letters jewels. 15

The Taj is built on the bank of the Jumna, rather more than a mile to the eastward of the Fort of Agra. 20 The entrance is a superb gateway of sandstone inlaid with ornaments and inscriptions from the Koran in white marble.

Passing under the open demi-vault, whose arch hangs high above you, you see an avenue of dark Italian 25

cypresses. Down its center sparkles a long row of fountains, each casting up a slender jet. On both sides, the palm, the banyan, and the feathery bamboo mingle their foliage; the song of birds meets your ear, and the odor of roses and lemon flowers sweetens the air. Down such a vista, and over such a foreground, rises the Taj.

It stands upon a lofty platform, or pedestal, with a minaret at each corner, and this is lifted on a vast terrace of solid masonry. An Oriental dome, swelling out boldly from the base into nearly two thirds of a sphere, and tapering at the top into a crescent-tipped spire, crowns the edifice.

The material is of the purest white marble. It shines so dazzlingly in the sun that you can scarcely look at it near at hand, except in the morning and evening. Every part — even the basement, the dome, and the upper galleries of the minarets — is inlaid with ornamental designs in marble of different colors, principally a pale brown and a bluish violet variety. Great as are the dimensions of the Taj, it is as laboriously finished as one of those Chinese caskets of ivory and ebony which are now so common in Europe.

Around all the arches of the portals and the windows, around the cornice and the domes, on the walls and in the passages, are inlaid chapters of the Koran, the letters being exquisitely formed of black marble. It is asserted that the whole of the Koran is thus inlaid in the Taj, and

I can readily believe it to be true. The building is perfect in every part. Any dilapidations it may have suffered are so well restored that all traces of them have disappeared.

I ascended to the base of the building,—a gleaming marble platform almost on a level with the tops of the 5



trees in the garden. Before entering the central hall I descended to the vault where the beautiful queen is buried. There is no light but what enters the door, and this falls directly upon the tomb of the queen in the center. The vault was filled with the odors of rose, jasmine, and 10

sandalwood, the precious attars of which are sprinkled upon the tomb. Wreaths of beautiful flowers lay upon it or withered around its base. . . .

The Taj truly is, as I have already said, a poem. It is not only a pure architectural type but also a creation which satisfies the imagination, because its characteristic is Beauty. Did you ever build a castle in the air? Here is one, brought to earth, and fixed for the wonder of ages; yet so light it seems, so airy, and, when seen from a distance, so like a fabric of mist and sunbeams, with its great dome soaring up, a silvery bubble about to burst in the sun, that, even after you have touched it, and climbed to its summit, you almost doubt its reality.

On one side of the Taj is a mosque with three domes, of red sandstone, covered with mosaic of white marble. Now, on the opposite side, there is a building precisely similar, but of no use whatever, except as a balance to the mosque, lest the perfect symmetry of the whole design should be spoiled. This building is called the "answer." Nothing can better illustrate the feeling for proportion which prevailed in those days,— and proportion is Art.

Abridged.

the Jumna: a river of India.—Koran (kō'ran): the sacred book of the Mohammedans.—ban'yan: often called the Indian fig tree. Its branches send shoots into the ground which become additional trunks. Sometimes a single tree is able to shelter thousands of men.—attars: highly fragrant oils extracted from flowers.

A COUNTRY SUNDAY

JOSEPH ADDISON

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719) was a famous English essayist, whose style has always been considered a model of clearness and grace.

NOTE.—Among the many papers which Addison wrote for "The Tatler" and "The Spectator" are several which concern Sir Roger de Coverley, and which are interesting as the first character sketches in 5 English literature. Sir Roger is a kindly soul, whose portrait is drawn with real affection and genial humor.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that 10 could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in 15 their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it 20 puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country-fellow distinguishes himself as much in the Churchyard as a citizen

does upon the Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has
5 beautified the inside of his church with several texts of
his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome
pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his
own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming
to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular;
10 and that in order to make them kneel and join in their
responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a
common prayer book; and at the same time employed an
itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for
that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the
15 psalms; upon which they now very much value them-
selves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches
that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he
keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to
20 sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been
surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out
of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees
anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or
sends his servants to them. Several of the old knight's
25 particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-
psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation

have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing. 5

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the 15 general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight 20 walks down from his seat between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires for some one whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent. 25

Change: the Exchange or business headquarters.—**polite**: accustomed to refined society.—**foil**: anything that serves to set off another by contrast.

GOD'S PRESENCE IN NATURE

THOMAS MOORE

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852) was an Irish poet who wrote many beautiful lyrics. One of the most famous of his poems is "Lalla Rookh."

Thou art, O God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see:
 5 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine;
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

When Day with farewell beam delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,
 Those hues that make the sun's decline
 10 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
 And every flower the Summer wreathes
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine;
 15 And all things fair and bright are thine.

